

The Critic

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In this number of *THE CRITIC* is begun a serial story of more than passing importance. It is called "*The Jessica Letters*," but this does not mean that the letters were all written by Jessica: as many were written to as by her. The writing of these letters has been done by two persons, a man and a woman, the former an editor in New York, the latter an author in the South. To all intents and purposes it is a true story. The writers were unknown to each other when the correspondence began. Although a love story is told in these letters, they are more than a mere love story. The views of the writers on literature, particularly contemporary literature, are as stimulating as they are original. The editor of *THE CRITIC* anticipates a widespread and lively interest in these letters, for they appeal to thousands of young writers who look towards New York as their Mecca.

The Lounger

It has often been said that the *salon*, as it once existed in Paris is, a thing of the past; that there are no more Mme. Recamiers, Mme. Mohls, or Mme. de Staëls; and that although Mme. Adam had done something in the way of a *salon* during the century just past, it was a mere flash in the pan. It may be true that there is no French *salon* in Paris, that is, that no Frenchwoman is entertaining in the way that the ladies just mentioned entertained. I know, however, that there is a most interesting *salon* near Paris, but the ladies who preside over it are Americans—Miss Elisabeth Marbury and Miss Elsie De Wolfe. These two ladies have their summer home at Versailles, and any Sunday afternoon that

you may be fortunate enough to call upon them you will find the most interesting men and women in France gathered about the tea-table set out under the trees in their beautiful walled garden. There I have met Sardou, Richépin, Jane Hading, Cardinal Maitheu, "Gyp" Hervieu, author of *L'Enigme*; Lenotre, the historical novelist; De Nolhac, the restorer of the Versailles galleries; Viscount Melchior de Vogue, statesman and novelist; Count Robert de Montesquiou; Mlle. Helen Vacaresco, with an English and American contingent including Mme. Melba, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Eliot Gregory, "The Idler," Mr. Clyde Fitch, and many others known to literature and art.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

The villa occupied by Miss Marbury and Miss De Wolfe is owned by another American woman, Mrs. Morgan, the widow of the well-known American painter who bought the place a quarter of a century ago and made it over to suit his own ideas of comfort. The French

And there are odd passages and a curious arrangement of rooms that is really no arrangement at all but the natural outcome of the additions that have been made from time to time. At the front there is a brick wall with an iron gate leading to the drive that takes you



MISS ELISABETH MARBURY IN THE GARDEN OF "LES BUISSONS"

setting, with the American improvements, all of which latter are in perfect keeping with the spirit of the scene, have resulted in a most picturesque and comfortable house. There are unexpected balconies upstairs opening out of the bedrooms at the back of the house and giving out upon the garden.

up to the entrance. This is little more than a court but it is very pretty. You imagine that if there is any lawn at all it will be about the same size, but you step out through an enclosed veranda upon the loveliest garden in Versailles, a city of lovely gardens. The walls that close in the acre or more



"LES BUISSONS" GIVING OUT ON THE GARDEN AT THE BACK
(Showing second-story balcony where Clyde Fitch wrote "The Way of the World")

must be at least ten feet high, for only the tops of the trees in the Park on the other side can be seen over it. The centre of this garden is all lawn, dotted with large trees, while flowers of every variety and color bloom in little strips of garden under the walls. As the weather is usually fine in summer at Versailles, the Sunday afternoon entertaining is done out under the trees, and there one hears all that is doing in literature and art. While most of the guests are French there is a sprinkling of Americans and English who drive down from Paris and other outlying towns for the pleasure of an afternoon in congenial company and picturesque surroundings.

The dinner parties given at this villa, though small, owing to the size of the dining-room, are famous. Sardou is a frequent guest. He drives over from Marly in an old-fashioned carriage with a postilion instead of a coachman. One evening as they were sitting at the din-

ner-table, Sardou remarked to Miss Marbury, on whose right hand he sat, "It was in the passage out there that the crime was committed." The other guests pricked up their ears at the suggestion of a crime having been committed in so peaceful an abode. All other conversation ceased, while Sardou, who as every one knows is saturated with the history of old French houses, told the story connected with the Morgan villa.



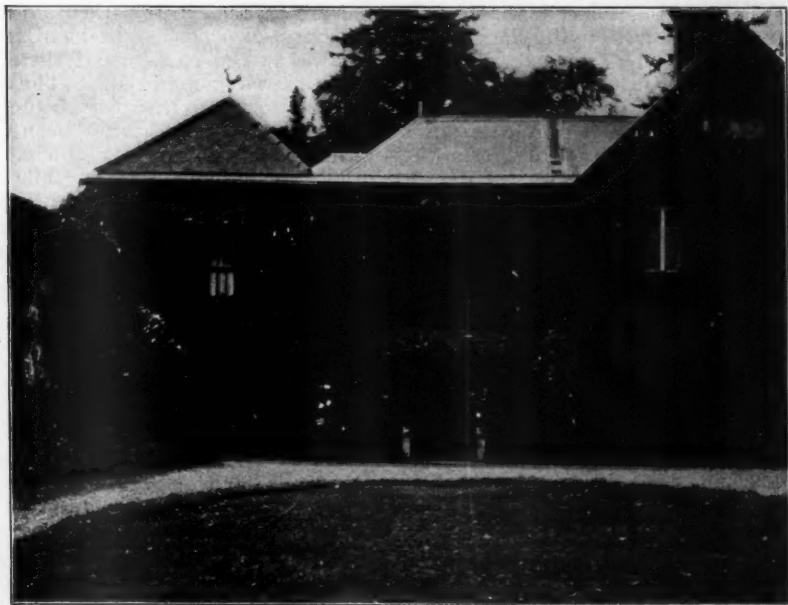
It seems that long years ago, in 1598, when Henry IV. was King of France, the old portion of this house had been a *presbytère*. The old priest who lived there was not as holy a man as a priest should be, and he lost his heart to a handsome woman who lived across the way with her husband, her father, and a younger sister. The father and the husband were market gardeners, and two or three times a week went to Paris with their vegetables. It seems that the husband had begun to suspect



M. VICTORIEN SARDOU AND M. OSIRIS
PRESENT OWNER OF MALMAISON

that all was not right, and his wife confided to the priest that he was suspicious of her. The only thing to do with the suspicious husband was to get

him out of the way. Just how this was done is not told,—but the husband left Versailles for Paris one night so as to be at the market early in the morning with his vegetables, and was never heard from again. As the road between Versailles and Paris was infested with highwaymen and cutthroats, nothing was thought of his sudden disappearance. In the meantime a young curate had come to live at the *presbytère* with the priest. His coming was regarded as an embarrassment. Would he be friendly to what was going on or would he be an enemy and expose the conduct of his superior? The priest and the woman discussed the situation and decided that the best thing to do was to introduce the curate to the young sister, who was a very beautiful and attractive girl of some fifteen or sixteen years of age. The curate fell immediately in love with the girl, and when the old father was in Paris there were great goings-on at the house of the priest. Finally the father became suspicious and it was decided to put him out of the way. He was lured into



FRONT OF "LES BUISSONS" SHOWING CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY



MR. AND MRS. EVERETT SHINN, MR. JOSEPH HUNT, M. JEAN RICHPIN, MISS MARIE TEMPEST, MR. DAVID BELASCO, MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, MME. JEAN RICHPIN, NEÉ STEMPOWSKA, MR. COSMO LENNOX

the house, and in the passage at the back of the present dining-room was foully murdered by the priest and the curate, while his daughter held the candle that they could see to do their work effectually. The younger daughter when she heard her father's cries for help ran into the garden, which was then a graveyard, and tearing the grass up by the roots stuffed it into her ears that she might not hear. When she was called into the house the deed had been done, and with the guilty three she was forced to assist in the burial of her father in the grave that had already been dug for the purpose.

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"What happened to the guilty trio?" inquired Miss Marbury's guests. "They were accused of the crime and arrested, but through the infatuation of one of the officials of the court for the elder sister they escaped punishment. The younger sister, who was the only innocent one of the four, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. At

the front of the house, in the little court which we all drove into this evening," continued Sardou, "the poor girl was hanged before a gaping audience of her fellow-townsmen. At the foot of the gallows she declared her innocence of the crime of murder but admitted her guilt in other respects, and called upon all the young women of Versailles to take warning by her example. Then she stepped upon the platform and bent her head for the noose, which was quickly adjusted, and thus the only innocent one was punished."

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A little shiver passed over the guests at the dinner-table when Sardou finished his story. "Not a very hilarious tale for a dinner party," some one remarked. "*Mais oui*," said Sardou, "that was over three hundred years ago." There is very little of the original *presbytère* left and the graveyard is now a garden that blossoms as the rose. It would be hard to imagine any

place less suggestive of a gruesome crime than this vine-clad, sunny little villa.

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The most interesting announcement coming from the magazine world is that of a lot of new Thackeray letters, the publication of which will be begun in the *Century Magazine* in November. For many years I have known that Thackeray wrote a great many letters to a young American woman whose acquaintance he made when he visited this country. It was said that these were love letters; that the young woman to whom they were addressed was the love of his life, and that she was still living but would never part with the letters or would never allow them to be published. There were such letters, but they were not love letters, nor were they addressed to one person. They were addressed to vari-

ous members of the Baxter family, the head of which was a well-to-do merchant living in a big old-fashioned house on Second Avenue, New York. This Mr. Baxter was a great admirer of Thackeray, and he expressed his admiration to a friend who knew the novelist. "Why don't you call upon him?" said Mr. Baxter's friend, to which Mr. Baxter replied that he did not wish to intrude; that a man of Thackeray's position would have hundreds of people calling upon him and bothering him to death, and he did not care to be one of the number. The friend assured Mr. Baxter that he misunderstood the situation; that Thackeray had but few friends in America, and that he was really a very lonely man. "He is staying at the Clarendon which is only a short distance from your house. Call on him and bring him over. Make him one of the family and you will make him happy," said he, or words to that effect. Mr. Baxter acted on this advice. He was a most delightful man, and Thackeray gladly accepted the invitation to his house, and did almost become a member of the family. Miss Lucy Baxter, to whom many of the letters are addressed, is now the owner of all of them. She was then a little girl. There was an older Miss Baxter to whom many of the letters were also addressed, while others were written to Mr. Baxter. They cover Thackeray's first and second visits to America, and give his opinion of American people with frankness and charm. As is usual in Thackeray's letters characteristic sketches run over the margins including good-humored



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE AND MR. CLYDE FITCH DISCUSSING A PLAY IN THE GARDEN OF "LES BUISSONS"

caricatures of Longfellow and George William Curtis. Miss Lucy Baxter writes the introduction and explanatory notes for the letters, which will run through three or four numbers of the *Century*.

I had the pleasure of talking about those letters with Mrs. Ritchie, during the past summer in London. She told me that Miss Baxter had hesitated to publish them, but that she was quite willing to have her do so, and even urged it, as it would seem almost like a legacy from her father to the American friends of whom he was so fond.

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, whom we love to think of as Thackeray's daughter notwithstanding her other claims upon our admiration, is trying to save a bit of Hampstead Heath from the "march of improvement." It seems that Mr. Yerkes is going to build a station of his indispensable "tuppenny tube" on a portion of the heath now given over to blackberry bushes, birds, and brooks. There are eighty acres in the plot that Mrs. Ritchie would save, and she is writing most eloquent letters to the *Times* and other papers on the subject. Here is a delightful bit from a recent letter:

Last night from the brow of Hampstead Heath, with many others, we watched the sunset lights travelling across the great valleys and the beautiful fields that run towards Harrow and the Chiltern Hills—a worn-out, shabby man lay in the grass gazing at the noble view—a little family—father, mother, and children—sat in a Raphael-like group against a sand heap watching the exquisite lights



M. PAUL HERVIEU, NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT

and the flow of the beautiful open country turning to dreams. Turner's pine trees, somewhat the worse for wear, were in the foreground, close at hand stood the old cottage, with its rose trees still flowering, where Blake used to visit his friends. In the valley beyond the haymakers with their wagons were bringing in their last loads of hay. A noble ridge of woods fringes the other side of the open country, where the birds come and go unmolested under the pastoral rule of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Mrs. Ritchie wishes to save all this from the reign of "rows and rows of houses, with their little drains and chimneys and dust bins." The sum necessary to accomplish the work of salvation is about £80,000. Lord Rosebery has headed the list with a contribution of £1000 and Mr. Carnegie has agreed to come in at the tail with



MR. ABEL HERMANT AT "LES BUISSONS"

£1000 more. Mrs. Ritchie wrote to Mr. Carnegie and, knowing that his preference lies in the direction of libraries, reminded him that there are "books in the running brooks." It was no doubt this clever turn to her letter that drew forth his ready response. Let some English millionaire buy the land and call it Thackeray Park.

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Mrs. Ritchie, by the way, after living many years at Wimbledon, giving to that suburb an interest and fascination that could not be acquired by camps and shooting matches, has taken a house in London. Her husband, who is connected with the India Office, became weary of catching trains, an appetite that does not grow with what it feeds upon, so they have now an attractive house on St. George's Square, with big trees in front of it and a glimpse of the river from the balcony. A pleasant and comfortable house it is too, containing many interesting memorials of the great writer who was Mrs. Ritchie's father.

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Not long ago the following item appeared in the *New York Times*:

WORCESTER, MASS.—Harry W. Smith's steeple-

chaser, Ting-a-Ling, that used to be a street-car horse, and was twenty-two years old, got cast in its stall and broke its neck this morning.

This recalls Mr. David Gray's delightful story of an ex-car-horse, "Ting-a-Ling," that recently appeared in magazine form. Whether or not the author of "Gallops" ever heard of the Worcester steeplechaser would be hard to determine without delay, for Mr. Gray is now travelling in the Philippines, where he will undoubtedly find much material—both equine and human—to his hand. "Ting-a-Ling," by the way, could hardly give the name to the author's next collection of stories, for as a book-title this has been pre-empted by Frank R. Stockton, whose fairy-tale "Ting-a-Ling" is still a living book.

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It is very gratifying to hear that, notwithstanding the depression in Wall Street, the book business is booming. The publishers assure me that they have never done such a big business in August or September of any year as



MR. HENRY HUBERT DAVIES IN THE GARDEN AT "LES BUISSONS"

(Author of "Cynthia," "Cousin Kate," and "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace")



M. PAUL HERVIEU, M. CHARLES EPHRUSSI, MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, M. JOSEPH REINACH, MRS. DON CAMERON, IN THE GARDEN OF "LES BUISSONS"

during the two months just past. Not only is there a boom in the selling of books, but the publishers of magazines tell me that they are carrying more advertising than in any September of their career. All of this is good news and shows that Wall Street is not as much the pulse of the business world as it is credited with being.

Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, whose "Right Princess" was enjoyed even by those out of sympathy with its Christian Science doctrines, is at work on a new book which will have no such trend. It is to be a child's book—"or rather," she says, "a book about a child, which is a different thing." "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for instance, was a book about a child, and so were "The Golden Age" and "Emmy Lou," but they were books for grown people. Living among a family of nieces and nephews in one of Chicago's prettiest suburbs, Mrs. Burn-

ham has every opportunity for familiarity with a child's pursuits, interests, and point of view.

The following advertisement appeared in a Richmond, Va., paper:

NOTICE.

Ancestors of General Andrew Lewis can obtain his Coat-of-Arms. For particulars address A. T. L., care this office.

In the South, where people are supposed to have had ancestors, it is not a bad idea to advertise for them. In the North it might be dangerous.

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl has given up desk work in a publishing house, and is devoting himself entirely to authorship, the best thing that an author can do—if he can manage it. Mr. Carryl used to live in New York and go down to Franklin Square every day, sitting



Photo by Robb,

"SHINGLE BLESSEDNESS," THE HOME OF MR. GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Salem, Mass.



Photo by Robb,

"SHINGLE BLESSEDNESS," THE STUDY

Salem, Mass.

at a desk through the usual office hours. Then he went to Paris for Messrs. Harper and stayed there for several years. There was less desk work in Paris, and there he found material for a num-

bers live in them only in the summer, but Mr. Carryl lives in his all the year round, and finds it quite as attractive in winter as when the thermometer is at ninety degrees in the shade.



Photo by Robb,

Salem, Mass.

MR. GUY WETMORE CARRYL ENJOYING "SHINGLE BLESSEDNESS"

ber of stories of French life, which have just been published in book form after having run their course through the magazines. Since his return to America, Mr. Carryl has turned his back upon cities and is living his own life in a bungalow on the north shore of Massachusetts. Most people who own bunga-

"Pigs in Clover," reviewed in another part of this magazine, has aroused more discussion in London than any novel of the season. The name given on the title page as that of the author is "Frank Danby," and no one questioned the sex of the writer. It now appears that "Frank Danby is the



"FRANK DANBY" (MRS. JULIA FRANKAU)

pseudonym of Mrs. Julia Frankau, the wife of a London merchant and a woman well known in literary and artistic circles. She has written other novels but they have not apparently attracted much attention. Of course, "Pigs in Clover" has more interest for English than American readers, but even American readers will appreciate its unusual virility.



Mr. Charles Battell Loomis has found a capital title for his new book in "Cheerful Americans." There are plenty of Americans who are not cheerful, but there are others who show their cheerfulness at a time when a foreigner might look glum and glowering. If, for instance, an electric car jolts a passenger so that he loses his grip of earth and flies as a missile from a gun the length of the car, every one laughs, even the man himself, who seems to regard the matter as a joke. I cannot imagine an Englishman or a Frenchman or a German smiling in such circumstances.

The war opened by Miss Marie Corelli against the Carnegie library now in process of building at Stratford-on-Avon, has reached the dignity of pamphlet form. Miss Corelli has gathered her contributions to the newspapers together with additional comments thrown in, and Mr. Sidney Lee, who represents the other side, is out with an answering pamphlet. In the course of her pamphlet Miss Corelli gives a picturesque account of her interview with Mr. Carnegie, whom she met by appointment:—

My interview with Mr. Carnegie—writes Miss Corelli—took place at the Langham Hotel. I am glad to say there was a witness to it in the person of a gentleman who was much interested in the preservation of Henley Street, and who very kindly accompanied me. The interview furnished me with considerable amusement, because, as Mr. Carnegie did all the talking, it was not necessary for me to speak. The first few words he uttered concerning Henley Street showed me that he was in absolute ignorance of the locality of the houses, and their history. Considerable fault was found with persons, who for love of English tradition and Shakespearian association, sought to save the old cottages and maintain the simple character of the street, because, so it was said, they "had not inspected the site." But Mr. Carnegie was exactly in the same category. He had not "inspected the site." Moreover, he said he did not care about the site, but he offered the incongruous spectacle of a professing admirer of Shakespeare who "did not care" about houses which Shakespeare saw and perhaps loved in his lifetime. He preferred a library to those houses, and plainly said so. He told me he had paid "twenty-three hundred pounds" for the cottages and had handed them over "without conditions." I remember particularly his expression, "twenty-three hundred pounds," because it struck me as unusual. He furthermore stated that if Henley Street were "as old as Christ" he would pull it all down, if any part of it were in dangerous proximity to the Birthplace, in the way of menace from fire. He was and is, of course, not aware of the dangerous proximity of certain malt-houses, which belong to Messrs. Flower; and which are truly such a positive menace to the Birthplace, especially when fires are kept going in them night and day, that it is astonishing the Trustees do not have them removed, together with the "modern-antique" dwelling on the farther side, which is much nearer to the Birthplace than the old Shakespearian cottages lately threatened with destruction, and which has both light and

fire, being an inhabited house. Mr. Carnegie, however, did not wish to hear any explanation of the position, or to receive any statement of proved facts. He implied that Shakespeare himself would most probably like a free library better than the

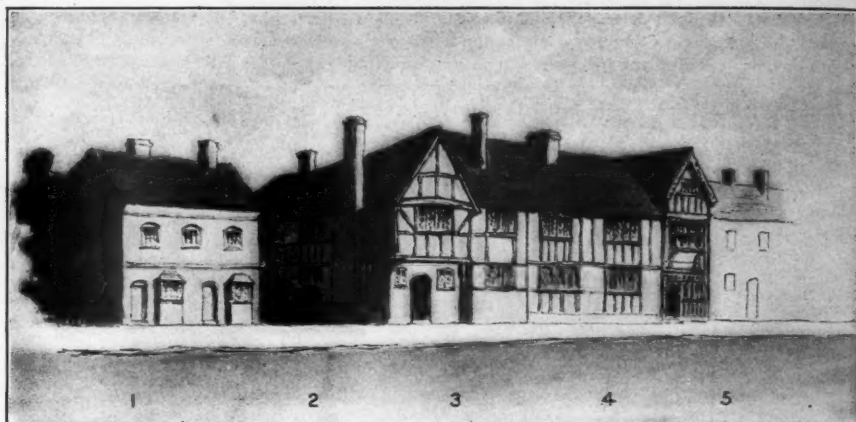
less, I was glad to have personally seen him on the matter, as I would not have it thought by the many who are interested in the preservation of all Shakespearian associations, that I had left any stone on the way unturned.



MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

old houses of his relatives and friends, and this was the final impression I received of himself and his humour. It was, however, distinctly evident that he had been strongly prejudiced against me by misrepresentation of both myself and my motives,—too strongly prejudiced to have the reasonable justice of a well-balanced and impartial mind that is honestly willing to consider both sides. Neverthe-

Surely no one can accuse Miss Corelli of having left a stone unturned in her efforts to answer the call of Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Meynell, and others to vanquish Mr. Carnegie and drive him out of Stratford. To have had this interview after the fierceness of her attacks showed her to be a most



From

PRESENT IDEA OF THE STRATFORD FREE LIBRARY

(Sketched from the drawings by Mr. Edgar Flower)

Miss Corelli's Pamphlet

1. The two Cottages, formerly one House, belonging to the Shakespeare Family, which Miss Corelli's protest has saved from demolition. 2. Garden where the two modern cottages on old foundations have been destroyed. 3. Birch's shop "straightened up" and modernized. 4. The Library, running into Birch's Shop. 5. The existing Technical Institute.

courageous woman and it also leaves no doubt of Mr. Carnegie's courage!

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Mr. Lee shows us with pictorial evidence that nothing that has even the remotest connection with Shakespeare is to be demolished, and that Mr. Carnegie's prompt and generous response to a call for funds has saved the much-discussed Henley Street from the incursions of vandalism. No conspicuous historic nor archæological interest, Mr. Lee assures us, attached to any of the four houses purchased by Mr. Carnegie; the two furthest removed from the birthplace, were little better than hovels; "they had been crudely built of cheap modern brick within living memory, were innocent of all architectural features, and were at the back in an ominous condition."

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The two cottages nearest the birthplace "boast a more reputable record." They date from Shakespeare's day. One Thomas Nash, who married Shake-

speare's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, bought the cottage (they were then one house), but never resided there. This slender thread of Shakespearean association has saved the cottages. They are not, however, to be used for any purpose that will require light or heat, for fear of fire, as they stand comparatively near the birthplace. Miss Corelli contends that it was her exertions that saved these cottages from demolition. After all that she said upon the subject not even a vandal would have raised his hand to tear them down. Birch's china shop, for the preservation of which Miss Corelli has vigorously called, is to be "restored" to its original style of architecture and made a part of the library. Mr. Lee denies, however, that the Thomas Greene, who once owned the shop, was Shakespeare's cousin, but, even so, Mr. Greene never lived in it. Mr. Lee makes the point that so far from "destroying historic Henley Street," the trustees, through the generous aid of Mr. Carnegie, are doing "precisely the opposite."



THE HUNT

BY MERCY E. BAKER

*Oughn! Oughn! The hounds are away,
They are out and abroad, on the dunes to-day:
And the crows are still,
On the tree by the hill;
And the wild cat shrinks, and cowers, and blinks,
And peers through the woven pine bough's chinks;
And the black snake slides, and slips, and glides
From the hot south slope where he suns his sides;
And the blue jay hushes his peevish note,
And the catbird's warble dies in his throat,
As he darts to a snug oak spray.
But the fox,—the fox is stealing away,
Silent and swift,
Just an ear to lift,
For the sound of the distant bay;
Noiseless and fast as the sea-fog drifts
Through the winding dunes, when the shore wind shifts;
By bog, and thicket, and path he creeps,
And over the fallen log he leaps;
Bold in the blow-hole his eye has scanned—
For he knows the lay of the wind-heaved land—
His quick feet dimple the tawny sand;
By the Deep Bog ditch and along the ridge,
Where a cat may cross on the grapevine bridge,
—Over the ridge; and he dives at last,
Safe and fast,
In his burrow deep,
On the northern steep,
Under the dune,
Where no August noon
Can crumble the wall away;—
Where the first frost catches
The ivy patches,
And the woodbine reaches its blazing lines,
Wreathing the stems of the leaning pines,
And hiding the lichens gray:
While the Horseneck * lies in a mute surprise,
Waiting and wise, till the tumult dies;
For the hounds are abroad to-day.*

* The Horseneck is a curving neck of sand barely three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, that keeps out the ocean on one hand and keeps in a little tidal river on the other, at the spot that separates Massachusetts from Rhode Island. Foxes are plenty on the Horseneck.

Balzac's Short Stories

By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

BALZAC'S short stories, which we call in French *nouvelles*, are, generally speaking, not the best-known or the most popular part of his work; nor are they the part best fitted to give a true and complete idea of his genius. But some of them are none the less masterpieces in their kind; they have characteristics and a significance not always possessed by their author's long novels, such as "Eugénie Grandet" or "Cousin Pons"; and finally, for this very reason, they hold in the unfinished structure of "The Human Comedy" a place which it will be interesting to try to determine.

Some of the stories were written under curious circumstances. In the first place it is to be noted that the majority date from 1830, 1831, and 1832, and therefore precede the conception and planning of "The Human Comedy." Their value is far from being diminished by that fact. "An Episode under the Terror" (1830), for instance, was composed as an introduction to the "Memoirs" of Samson—that executioner who of all executioners in the world's history despatched the fewest criminals and yet shed the most blood; and the "Memoirs" themselves, which are entirely apocryphal, are also in part Balzac's own work. But, though composed in this way, to order and as a piece of hack work, "An Episode under the Terror" is in its artistic brevity one of Balzac's most tragic and most finished narratives. "La Grande Bretèche" (1832) was at first only an episode inserted among the more extended narratives of which it made part, as in the old-fashioned novel of tales within tales of which "Gil Blas" is the type; and brief as it is, Balzac nevertheless rewrote it three or four times. It is therefore anything but an improvisation. Yet no other of these short stories can give more vividly than "La Grande Bretèche" the impression of a work sprung at once in full completeness from its author's

brain, and conceived from the very first in its indivisible unity. But, precisely, it is one of the characteristic traits of Balzac's genius that we hardly need to know when or for what purpose he wrote this or that one of his novels or stories. He bore them all within him at once—we might say that the germ of them was pre-existent in him before he had any conscious thought of objectivizing them. His characters were born in him, as though from all eternity, before he knew them himself; and before he himself suspected it, his "Human Comedy" was alive, was confusedly moving, was slowly shaping itself, in his brain. This point must be clearly seen before he can be understood or appreciated at his true value. However much interest a monograph on some animal or plant may have in itself—and that interest, no doubt, is often great—it has far more through the relation it bears to other monographs and to the whole field of knowledge of which its subject is only a fragmentary part. So it is with Balzac's novels and stories. Their interest is not limited to themselves. They bring out one another's value and significance, they illustrate and give importance to each other; they have, outside themselves, a justification for existence. This will become clear if we compare Mérimée's "Mateo Falcone," for instance, with "A Seashore Drama" (1835). The subject is the same: in each case it is a father who constitutes himself justiciary of the honor of his race. But while Mérimée's work, though perhaps better written or at least engraved with deeper tooling, is after all nothing but an anecdote, a sensational news-item, a story of local manners, Balzac's is bound up with a whole mass of ideas, not to say a whole social philosophy, of which it is, properly speaking, only a *chapter*; and of which "The Conscript" (1831) is another.

But why did Balzac confine some of

his subjects within the narrow limits of the *nouvelle*, while he expanded others to the dimensions of epic, we might say, or of history? It was because, though analogies are numerous between natural history and what we may call social history or the natural history of society, yet their resemblance is not complete nor their identity absolute. There are peculiarities or variations of passion which, though physiologically or pathologically interesting, are *socially* insignificant and can be left out of account: for instance, "A Passion in the Desert" (1830), or "The Unknown Masterpiece" (1831). It is rare, in art, for the passionate pursuit of progress to result only, as with Frenhofer, in jumbling the colors on a great painter's canvas; and, even were this less rare, artists are not very numerous! So, if the writer gave to his narrative of this painful but infrequent adventure as full a development, if he diversified and complicated it with as many episodes and details as the adventures of Baron Hulot in "Cousin Bette" or those of Madame de Mortsauf in "The Lily in the Valley," he would thereby attribute to it, *socially* or *historically*, an importance it does not possess. He would err, and would make us err with him, regarding the true proportions of things. He would represent the humanity which he was attempting to depict, in a manner far from consistent with reality. Hence may be deduced the *æsthetics* of the *nouvelle*, and its distinction from the *conte*, and also from the *roman* or novel.

The *nouvelle* differs from the *conte* in that it always claims to be a picture of ordinary life; and it differs from the novel in that it selects from ordinary life, and depicts by preference and almost exclusively, those examples of the strange, the rare, and the extraordinary which ordinary life does in spite of its monotony nevertheless contain. It is neither strange nor rare for a miser to make all the people about him, including his wife and children, victims of the passion to which he is himself enslaved; and that is the subject of "Eugénie Grandet." It is nothing extraordinary for parents of

humble origin almost to be disowned by their children whom they have married too far above them, in another class of society; and that is the subject of "Father Goriot." But for a husband, as in "La Grande Bretèche," to wall up his wife's lover in a closet, and that before her very eyes; and, through a combination of circumstances in themselves quite out of the ordinary, for neither one of them to dare or be able to make any defence against his vengeance—this is certainly somewhat rare! Then read "The Conscript," or "An Episode under the Terror"; the plot is no ordinary one, and perhaps, with a little exaggeration, we may say it can have occurred but once. Such, then, is the field of the *nouvelle*. Let us set off from it the fantastic, in the style of Hoffmann or Edgar Allan Poe, even though Balzac sometimes tried that also, as in "The Wild Ass's Skin," for instance, or in "Melmoth Converted"; for the fantastic belongs to the field of the *conte*. But unusual events, especially such as result from an unforeseen combination of circumstances; and really tragic adventures, which, like Monsieur and Madame de Merret's in "La Grande Bretèche" or Cambremer's in "A Seashore Drama," make human conscience hesitate to call the crime by its name; and illogical variations, deviations, or perversions of passion; and the pathology of feeling, as in "The Unknown Masterpiece"; and still more generally, if I may so express myself, all those things in life which are out of the usual run of life, which happen *on its margin*, and so are beside yet not outside it; all that makes its surprises, its differences, its *startlingness*, so to speak—all this is the province of the *nouvelle*, bordering on that of the novel yet distinct from it. Out of common every-day life you cannot really make *nouvelles*, but only novels—miniature novels, when they are brief, but still novels. In no French writer of the last century, I think, is this distinction more evident or more strictly observed than it is in "The Human Comedy"; and unless I am much mistaken, this may serve to solve, or at least to throw light on, the

vexed question of Honoré de Balzac's *naturalism* or *romanticism*.

In the literal and even the etymological sense of the word *naturalism*—that is, without taking account of the way in which Émile Zola and some other Italians have *perverted its nature*—no one can question that Balzac was a naturalist. One might as well deny that Victor Hugo was a romanticist! Everybody to-day knows that neither the freedom of his vocabulary, nor some very detailed descriptions in "Notre Dame de Paris" and especially in "Les Misérables," nor his coarse popular jokes, often in doubtful taste if not sometimes worse, nor yet the interest in social questions which characterized him from the very first—that nothing of all this, I say, prevents Victor Hugo from having been, up to the day of his death, *the* romanticist; we may rest assured that in whatever way romanticism shall be defined, he will always be, in the history of French literature, its living incarnation. Balzac, on the other hand, will always be the living incarnation of naturalism. And surely, if to be a naturalist is to confine the field of one's art to the observation of contemporary life, and to try to give a complete and adequate representation thereof, not drawing back or hesitating, not abating one tittle of the truth, in the depiction of ugliness and vice; if to be a naturalist is, like a portrait-painter, to subordinate every æsthetic and moral consideration to the law of likeness—then it is impossible to be more of a naturalist than Balzac. But with all this, since his imagination is unruly, capricious, changeable, with a strong tendency to exaggeration, audacious, and corrupt; since he, as much as any of his contemporaries, feels the need of startling us; since he habitually writes under the dominion of a kind of hallucinatory fever sufficient of itself to mark what we may call the romantic state of mind—romanticism is certainly not absent from the work of this naturalist, but on the contrary would fill and inspire the whole of it, were that result not prevented by the claims, or conditions, of observation. A romantic imagina-

tion, struggling to triumph over itself, and succeeding only by confining itself to the study of the model—such may be the definition of Balzac's imagination or genius; and, in a way, to justify this definition by his work we need only to distinguish clearly his *nouvelles* from his novels.

Balzac's *nouvelles* represent the share of romanticism in his work. "La Grande Bretèche" is the typical romantic narrative, and we may say as much of "The Unknown Masterpiece." The observer shuts his eyes; he now looks only within himself; he imagines "what might have been"; and he writes "An Episode under the Terror." It is for him a way of escape from the obsession of the real:

The real is strait; the possible is vast.

His unbridled imagination takes free course. He works in a dream. And, since of course we can never succeed in building within ourselves perfectly water-tight compartments, entirely separating dream from memory and imagination from observation, reality does find its way into his *nouvelles* by way of exactness in detail, but their conception remains essentially or chiefly romantic; just as in his long novels, "Eugénie Grandet," "A Bachelor's Establishment" ("Un Ménage de Garçon"), "César Birotteau," "A Dark Affair," "Cousin Pons," and "Cousin Bette," his observation remains naturalistic, and his imagination perverts it, by magnifying or exaggerating, yet never intentionally or systematically or to the extent of falsifying the true relations of things. Shall I dare say that by this fact he belongs to the family of Shakespeare? His long novels are his "Othello," his "Romeo," his "Macbeth," his "Richard III.," and "Coriolanus"; and his *nouvelles*, his short stories, are his "Tempest," his "Twelfth Night," and his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

This comparison, which really is not a comparison but a mere analogy, such as might be drawn between Musset and Byron, may serve to bring out one more characteristic of Balzac's *nouvelles*—they are philosophic; in "The Hu-

man Comedy" it is under the title of "Philosophic Studies" that he brought together, whatever their origin, such stories as "A Seashore Drama," "The Unknown Masterpiece," and even "The Conscript." By so doing he no doubt meant to imply that the sensational stories on which they are based did not contain their whole significance; that he was using them merely as a means of stating a problem, of fixing the reader's attention for a moment on the vastness of the mysterious or unknown by which we are, so to speak, enwrapped about.

We might add this tragic story [he writes at the end of "The Conscript"] to the mass of other observations on that sympathy which defies the law of space—a body of evidence which some few solitary scholars are collecting with scientific curiosity, and which will one day serve as basis for a new science, a science which till now has lacked only its man of genius.

These are large words, it would seem, with which to point the moral of a mere historical anecdote. But if we consider them well, we shall see that, whatever we may think of this "new science," Balzac wrote "The Conscript" for the sole purpose of ending it with that sentence. Read, too, "A Seashore Drama." It is often said that "A fact is a fact"—and I scarcely know a more futile sophism, unless it be the one which consists in saying that "Of tastes and colors there is no disputing." Such is not Balzac's opinion, at any rate. He believes that a fact is more than a fact, that it is the expression or manifestation of something other or more than itself; or again, that it is a piece of evidence, a document, which it is not enough to have put on record, but in which we must also seek, through contrasts and resemblances, its deep ulterior mean-

ing. And this is what he has tried to show in his *nouvelles*.

Thus we see what place they hold in "The Human Comedy." Balzac's short stories are not, in his work, what one might be tempted to call somewhat disdainfully "the chips of his workshop." Nor are they even, in relation to his long novels, what a painter's sketches, rough drafts, and studies are to his finished pictures. He did not write them by way of practice or experiment; they have their own value, intrinsic and well-defined. It would be a mistake, also, to consider them as little novels, in briefer form, which more time or leisure might have allowed their author to treat with more fulness. He conceived them for their own sake; he would never have consented to give them proportions which did not befit them. The truth of the matter is that by reason of their dealing with the exceptional or extraordinary, they are, in a way, the element of *romantic drama* in Balzac's "Comedy"; and by reason of their philosophic or symbolic significance, they add the element of mystery to a work which but for them would be somewhat harshly illumined by the hard light of reality. Once more, that is why he did not classify "The Conscript" with the "Scenes of Political Life," or his "A Seashore Drama" with the "Scenes of Country Life." That, too, is what gives them their interest and their originality. That is what distinguishes them from the stories of Prosper Mérimée, or, later, those of Guy de Maupassant. So much being made clear, it is not important now to ask whether they really have as much depth of meaning as their author claimed for them. Only in a complete study of Balzac could his *nouvelles* be adequately judged. Then their due place would be assigned to them, in the full scheme of "The Human Comedy."



Mr. Shaw's Pom-Pom

By WILLIAM ARCHER

MR. SHAW'S new volume * falls into three sections: a long preface, disguised as an "Epistle Dedicatory" to Mr. A. B. Walkley; an allegory in dialogue labelled "Man and Superman"; and an appendix entitled "The Revolutionist's Handbook," and purporting to be written by the chief character in the allegory. These three books, or three pamphlets, would not be Mr. Shaw's if they were not full of stimulating matter. There is said to be no sound in modern warfare so stimulating as that of the pom-pom—it keeps the most hardened veteran on the jump. Mr. Shaw's type-writer is the pom-pom of the literary battlefield. It is not (though it might be if he pleased) a weapon of great range or calibre; but for making people sit up it has no equal. Every page of these pamphlets crackles with wit and tingles with cerebral activity, if not always with thought. But it is impossible in a single article to respond to all, or one tithe, of the stimuli which Mr. Shaw here puts forth. I propose, then, to concentrate on the middle pamphlet of the three, and wholly to disregard the epistle to Mr. Walkley and the "Revolutionist's Handbook."

"Man and Superman" is Op. XII. of Mr. Shaw's "Theatre"; he ought, as a dramatist, to be approaching years of discretion. Perhaps he is, in a certain sense; for though he calls this play a comedy, he practically abandons all attempt at the representation of life, and gives us a frankly symbolic extravaganza—a "morality" in four acts and a dream. If this is all he is capable of, then it is clearly discretion on his part to attempt no more. To realize our limitations is the beginning of wisdom. Nevertheless, to those of us who thought we saw the makings of a dramatist in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Candida," and "The Devil's Disciple," it is a great disappointment to

find Mr. Shaw falling back upon allegoric farce. Apart from the easily detachable dream (of which more anon), there is nothing in the dimensions or the mechanism of the play to prevent its being put on the stage. Probably it will be, one of these days, and it will amuse us as did "The Admirable Bashville"; but, though written in prose, it is every bit as much of a travesty as that delightful piece of extravagance. Having in "Bashville" parodied Shakespeare, Mr. Shaw here flies at still higher game and parodies Shaw. If that was not his intention, all one can say is that the play shows a disquieting decline in inventive power. Like Ibsen in "When We Dead Awaken," Mr. Shaw does little else than resuscitate characters and motives that have done duty in his earlier plays. The ineffably superior hero, witty, disillusioned, and equal to every emergency, we expect as a matter of course—he is Mr. Shaw's trade-mark. But the other characters, with scarcely an exception, are equally familiar. They are but colorable variations of Mr. Shaw's stock types.

As we read scene after scene, the sense of having gone through it all before, and knowing exactly what is coming next, becomes positively oppressive. The topics of his humor are jaded, and have to be flogged. The man who was "advanced" thirty years ago, and still considers himself a pioneer of thought, was far more amusing in "You Never Can Tell" (where, by the way, he was a woman) than he now is in the person of that exceedingly conventional "heavy father," Roebuck Ramsden. Half a dozen times before has Mr. Shaw treated with greater vivacity his favorite thesis of the natural antipathy between blood relations. It has become such a piece of mechanical patter to him that, by a slip of the tongue, he gets the patter wrong and does not notice it. "As a rule," says Tanner, "there is only one person an English girl hates more than she hates her

* "Man and Superman." By G. Bernard Shaw. H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

mother; and that's her elder sister. But Rhoda positively prefers her mother to Ann." This, as it stands, is nonsense. Intending to state an exception to his rule, Mr. Shaw really states an example; whence it appears that he has reversed the terms of the rule. Tanner returns to the thesis in the last act, with this somewhat labored epigram: "I suspect that the tables of consanguinity have a natural basis in a natural repugnance." Now this constant denial of the existence of family affection is as nonsensical as the contrary superstition, dear to melodramatists, of the "*voix du sang*." Everyone with eyes in his head knows that there are quarrelsome families, and united families, and more or less indifferent families, but that the general balance is largely in favor of parental and filial, brotherly and sisterly kindness. But even supposing Mr. Shaw were right, and the balance were the other way, is the discovery worth insisting on with such tireless iteration? Might he not give it a rest? And the same question applies to many other things in this play. It is full of Shaw-stereotypes—tricks of manner so emphasized as to suggest the none too kindly parodist. I am genuinely uncertain how much of this Mr. Shaw may have intended. The piece, as we shall see, is a deliberate allegory; and having once renounced all effort at realism, Mr. Shaw is quite capable of consciously caricaturing himself. If that be so, he has indubitably succeeded, though not without a certain heaviness of touch.

The play, it will be noted, is described as "A Comedy and a Philosophy." That is Mr. Shaw's way of announcing his allegoric intention. And what is the philosophy? Simply that of Schopenhauer as transformed by Nietzsche from sullen pessimism into what may be called enthusiastic stoicism. Schopenhauer looked into Nature's laboratory, saw through her cajoleries and her anæsthetic pretexts, and vehemently denounced their hollowness. Nietzsche, accepting his reading of her motives and methods, held it the nobler part to fall in with them and to co-operate resolutely, con-

sciously, gladly, in her stupendous series of experiments towards the production of the Overman, or, as Mr. Shaw prefers to say, the Superman. It was inevitable that such a doctrine, emphasizing as it does the sheer intellectual ecstasy of realizing and submitting to the purposes of the great Vivisector, should potentially appeal to Mr. Shaw. But in this scheme of things, woman figures as Nature's blind and ruthless instrument, inexorably bent on fulfilling herself in motherhood, at the expense of the male, whom, in her heart of hearts, she despises as her puppet and dupe. We have in "Man and Superman," accordingly, an allegory of woman as the eternal Wooer, adept in so hypnotizing the masculine will that it mistakes her suggestion for its own passionate impulse, and indefatigable in tracking down her victim, though he flee from her to the ends of the earth in an 80 h.-p. motor-car. The worst of treating this theme allegorically is that in making the protagonists typical instead of real one necessarily does injustice to the subtleties of Nature, or the Life-Force as she is called in Mr. Shaw's mythology. If the wiles of woman were no wiler than those of Miss Ann Whitefield, the Nirvana would be much nearer than the Overman. Nature has infinitely more complex and more delicate weapons in her armory than this shallow, mendacious minx. But no doubt the logic of allegory demanded that the case should be stated in its extremest form, and that the crudest femininity should, in the end, conquer the alertest and most open-eyed masculinity, by very much the same method employed by Mrs. Bardell for the capture of Mr. Pickwick. Simplification and exaggeration are the law of allegory; and though one may wish that Mr. Shaw would return to drama, one has no right to quarrel with his choice of a more primitive form.

The odd thing is that, setting forth to write a parable of Woman the Wooer, he should have had the quaint notion of describing his hero and her victim as a descendant of Don Juan. The traditional figure of Don Juan, no doubt,

is perfectly reconcilable with the theory which represents that the essential initiative always comes from the female side. But, far from undertaking this reconciliation, Mr. Shaw makes his modern Don Juan the very antipodes of his great progenitor. The only motive one can discern for the whimsical genealogy is that it affords a peg upon which to hang a philosophic dialogue, in the form of a dream, which Mr. Shaw interpolates in his third act. Mr. John Tanner (pray observe the Anglicized form of Juan Tenorio) being captured by a band of cockney brigands in Spain, falls asleep and dreams a conversation in hell between the Devil, Don Juan, Donna Anna, and the Statue of the Commander—fifty pages of humorous philosophy or philosophic humor, as you choose to look at it, in which Mr. Shaw dots the i's of his theory, and drives his moral home. In other words, it is a second preface, dropped into the middle of the play. Considered as a work of art, the dialogue is too long and too loosely constructed; but it is full of good things, and makes capital reading. Here, for instance, is the passage in which Mr. Shaw brings his philosophy most definitely to a focus:

To Life; the force behind the Man, intellect is a necessity, because without it he blunders into death. Just as Life, after ages of struggle, evolved that wonderful bodily organ the eye, so that the living organism could see where it was going and what was coming to help or threaten it, and thus avoid a thousand dangers that formerly slew it, so it is evolving to-day a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world, but the purpose of Life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up short-sighted personal aims as at present.

An admirably clear statement of the

case, though one would scarcely have expected to find it in the mouth of Don Juan, or even of his ghost. The Don's studies of Nietzsche have even led him to accept that philosopher's hypothesis of the history of the universe as a series of perpetually recurring cycles of unthinkable magnitude. And yet, while he reduces man to the paltriest cypher in a stupendous repeating-decimal, he still gallantly praises and vindicates the Life Force.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Shaw's philosophy gets the better of his humor. On the contrary, his humor fully holds its own against his philosophy, and too often gets the better of his art. The book swarms with quips and cranks in his best manner. Take, for instance, the first lines of the first stage-direction:

Roebuck Ramsden is in his study, opening the morning's letters. The study, handsomely and solidly furnished, proclaims the man of means. Not a speck of dust is visible; it is clear that there are at least two housemaids and a parlor-maid downstairs, and a housekeeper upstairs who does not let them spare elbow-grease. Even the top of Roebuck's head is polished; on a sunshiny day he could heliograph his orders to distant camps by merely nodding. In no other respect, however, does he suggest the military man.

This is not by any means the only passage at which one lays down the book to laugh aloud. But, regarded as a play, "Man and Superman" is, I repeat, primitive in invention and second-rate in execution. The most disheartening thing about it is that it contains not one of those scenes of really tense dramatic quality which redeemed the squalor of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and made of "Candida" something very like a masterpiece.



Revivals in Literature

By HORTENSE FOGLESONG

LITERARY genius is at a great disadvantage compared with scientific genius in the matter of public recognition. Scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions are tested by unchanging natural laws; books are subject to conditions of mind existing at the time through the influence of custom, and which may pass away. A machine that conforms to mechanical law needs no argument, and no particular attitude on the part of the public mind will interfere with its perfect working. A book written in a romantic spirit will not be received when the public is in a realistic mood. As a consequence, books which, for a season, have flourished most triumphantly, when literary fashion changes may become subjects for abuse and finally be forgotten. But furthermore, books which depended not alone upon public fancy for success, those that dealt with human nature according to the inherent laws of artistic structure, are sure to be resurrected when the proper time comes.

Speculation upon literary revivals is a part of the critic's business. However, in spite of the careful watch that is kept upon the tendencies of the times, predictions as to the renewed interest in this or that author have not been particularly accurate. The return of an author is not to be calculated like the return of a comet. It is always safe to prophesy the decline of interest in any popular author, for it is sure to come, sooner or later, and the force of reaction is generally directly proportionate with the extent of his original popularity.

Perhaps no literary god was ever more universally worshipped than Dickens. The spirit of Dickens not only dominated the reading world, but it was felt far outside of it. The general admiration for Dickens was little less than idolatry. His characters were better known than almost any among the foremost in the actual world, better loved and better hated. His expres-

sions became bywords; his style was imitated to a remarkable degree, consciously and unconsciously. But—it is not human to worship at one literary shrine for many seasons together. At last it began to be hinted that Dickens's characters were not real people, but mere embodied traits,—that his character sketches were but caricatures. The tide, once turned, moved rapidly, and it was not long until it became the fashion to study Dickens for the sake of exposing his false art. It became almost necessary to decry Dickens in order to maintain claim to cultivation. When the subject was exhausted, Dickens was allowed to rest. Now for some time, a Dickens revival has been talked of a good deal. It seems doubtful whether a true focus can be obtained at this range. It is to be hoped that if the promised revival comes, it will not be until everything has passed away that could prejudice the public judgment.

After the Dickens fever had subsided, the attention of the reading public was fixed on George Eliot. For a season her name stood for everything that was sound in philosophy and perfect in art. She was the most wonderful woman who had ever lived. But one day it was whispered that her philosophy was ponderous, her morals were tacked on and not assimilated, her men were effeminate, her virtues, if indeed any were left to her, were praised no more. Her shortcomings grew to such proportions that they furnished unlimited material for discussion. But the world could not be without a literary god, and so they set up Robert Louis Stevenson, who is an exception in the history of literary idolatry in that he has escaped the usual ignominy subsequent to his period of unqualified devotion. The true literary artist was at last discovered in Stevenson. He was quoted daily in our universities to classes in English composition; he was a model for all aspirants to success in writing;

he was an incomparable paragon of literary excellence. Critics declared they had never been so delighted before. No one was to be compared with him in his capacity to give pleasure; the reading public went Stevenson-mad. The furore reached its height about 1895, and subsided soon after. Up to the present only a few attempts have been made to defame Stevenson, and they have received no foothold; indeed they were promptly and decidedly put down.

While Stevenson was still in the ascendancy, Kipling was discovered. Gradually he rose to the distinction of being compared with Stevenson. For a season they shared honors; then the preference was given to Kipling, and gradually Kipling became the cynosure of the reading world. His genius was recognized by people who were doubtful about Shakespeare. The decline of Kipling's popularity was announced about a year ago, and it is being materially felt; if there were no other reason, it would be sufficient that Kipling had been honored with unrivalled popularity for perhaps as long a time as is allotted to a modern literary hero. As yet, there has been no parade of Kipling's faults. It may be that he, like Stevenson, is to escape being made the victim of a public exposure of his defects. At all events, it is altogether likely that a Kipling revival will be one of the literary events of some future generation.

Of all modern revivals, the most remarkable is the revival of Jane Austen, if, indeed, she can be said ever to have lived before. The present interest in her is out of all proportion to that of her own time or any time since. The enthusiasm of the past few years concerning Jane Austen is characterized by several distinct features. It came about entirely unforeseen, at least unheralded, at a time when it might naturally have been least expected; it has endured for an uncommonly long time and with no indication of declining. It has survived several changes in the public fancy. She held the attention of readers at the same time with realists who wrote in the interest of social and

political reform, who were devoted to tearing the mask from all existing institutions; and now that the public has openly declared itself tired of "purpose novels," sick of the introspective, analytical view of life, and are clamoring for stirring adventures and dramatic episodes, Jane Austen, without giving any of these things, is as delightful and as entertaining as ever. It is not easy to fix the exact time when Miss Austen began to attract the attention of the readers of this generation. Perhaps it is safe to say that twenty years ago she was practically unread except among professional people. Text-books of that time which devoted whole chapters to George Eliot, assigned to Jane Austen a line and a half under "Minor Writers of the Eighth Era."

The cause of the enthusiasm over Jane Austen at this particular time is less apparent than the total lack of it at her own time. Then, all fiction was disparaged more than any other form of composition, and not even the genius of Jane Austen could overcome the power of custom. It is to be hoped that her rare knowledge of human nature may have taught her to foresee her own triumph and the supremacy of fiction over all forms of literature.

The judgment upon any author at his second coming is necessarily more rational than that of his contemporary critics, particularly when it occurs, like the revival of Jane Austen, at a time when no existing public prejudice can account for it. It is almost impossible to pronounce an unerring judgment upon a living author as it is to form a true conception of the real beauty of a prevailing style of costume. The eye can become accustomed to accept any style of dress however grotesque it might look to an eye unprejudiced by custom. But even in the matter of fashion in dress, the most fitful and rapidly changing of all fashions, real art plays a part, though very often not a controlling part. True art in dress is to be discovered only after the style is old enough not to suggest any comparison with the prevailing style. In the dramatic representation of a past period the reproduction of the

costumes of the time sometimes contributes largely to a successful effect, but oftener an exact reproduction of bygone costumes would be absolutely impossible.

A George Eliot revival is already being anticipated. It should follow the Dickens revival. When it comes, her readers will be better able to weigh her philosophy accurately than either those readers of the past who admired her most, or those of the present who can find little or nothing in her work worthy

of admiration. The longer it is put off, the more important it will be as a test of real genius; for true literary touchstones, if there be such, like the touchstone of Stevenson's "Fable," must be found after long search and only at a great distance. All touchstones found close at home reflect only their own color upon all things with which they come in contact, instead of revealing them through a perfectly clear light in their true color.

THE SONG OF THE TREE

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

*Warm in the deep of the prison of sleep,
I lay in the womb of the Earth,
Till the Spirit of God in the tingling sod
Aroused my spirit to birth.
Then fed by the dew and the sun I grew
From sapling-hood to a Tree,
As tall and elate, as strong and as straight,
As ever a Tree should be.*

*Now, robed in a sheen of shimmering green,
Bathed in the sunrise red,
My branches glisten, my little leaves listen
For secrets that never were said;
Though the sunshine glint, and the west wind hint,
And the raindrops murmur, I ween
Man never shall learn, nor a Tree discern,
The ultimate thing they mean.*

*Or stripped to the chill of the north wind's will,
I stand in my strong bare bones;
I dance with the blast, as maddening past,
The tempest in anguish moans.
With strife and song my spirit grows strong,—
In the law of my being I grow,
Till the lightning smite, or the wind in its might,
The growth of the years o'erthrow.*

*And when long I have lain in the sun and the rain,
And the creeping things grow bolder,
And Earth, my mother, makes Dust my brother,
As into the ground I moulder,
Then out of my death shall arise the breath
Of flowers of rainbow hues,—
So, welcome my life, with its growth and its strife,
Then—Death be the Life I choose!*



Men of Letters at Columbia

By GEORGE S. HELLMAN

EVER since the early years of the last century, when Charles Fenno Hoffman founded the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, instructors on Columbia's faculty and graduates from her halls have in manifold ways been associated with the literary activity of New York. As this literary activity widened both in scope and influence Columbia's participation has correspondingly increased, and those who have kept a watchful eye on significant events in the past decade feel justified in predicting for the cosmopolitan university a place of equal, though dissimilar importance to that held by Harvard in an earlier stage of American culture. It is a fact past dispute that New York, in spite of its seething crudeness and its many manifestations of disheartening materialism, has established its position as the magnet inevitably attracting to itself the large majority of the American men and women who accomplish most in the intellectual and commercial life of our day. And more than this, the eyes of scientific and scholarly Europe have begun to study with unqualified respect the method and the judgment of inventors and critics whom New York may claim. To several congresses of scholars held in recent years, Columbia men have been invited, representatives whose words were attentively weighed; and in the recent publication of the *Journal of Comparative Literature*, a magazine with its editor-in-chief at Columbia, and supported by scholars the world over, there is tangible evidence of the new path on which the university has entered, and the new eminence, from the point of view of international culture, to which she has attained.

On a more generally obvious side the activity of Columbia men of letters is noticeable in the monthly magazines

and in their frequent productions in the fields of the lyric and the drama, as well as in the more usual realms of the essay, the short story, and the novel. No month passes by without the publication of some paper by one or another of the many Columbia writers, while Mr. Peck's editorship of the *Bookman*, Mr. Munroe Smith's and Mr. Dunning's connection with the *Political Science Monthly*, Mr. Butler's long guidance of the *Educational Review*, and Mr. Cattell's position on the editorial board of the *Popular Science Monthly* give added evidence of the important part played by Columbia in the intellectual life of the city. That professor, however, who has for the greatest length of time been a familiar name to the magazine public is Mr. Brander Matthews.

Mr. Matthews's best known courses at Columbia are those that deal with the drama, and it is probably in his lectures on Molière, on Augier, Sardou, Dumas, that he is of most help to his hearers. A careful knowledge of the value of technique and a genuine liking for his subject, as well as a lucid view of the social conditions which to so great an extent have affected French drama, all contribute to make his addresses and papers in this realm of criticism of definite interest. Yet though the volume which bears the title of "French Dramatists" has gone into many editions no reader can get the same pleasure from these printed articles as that shared by those students who meet, or used to meet (for the classes may have outgrown the cozy little space) in Mr. Matthews's office, *le monde ou l'on ne s'ennuie pas*, to linger over the niceties of Pailleron, pierce through the skilful emptiness of Scribe, reach the crest of adventurous life with Hernani, and see the dark soul of

things that the whitest camellias shall not hide. There we used to sit in sociable circle, as free to smoke with the Professor as to argue against him. No comment, if in any way cognate, was forbidden, and the very informality of these meetings gave rise to a fluency of thought and speech that seldom failed to make the hour worth while. Mr. Matthews was the host, his students the guests; and as a host Mr. Matthews is always full of charm. Perhaps the absence of this atmosphere partially explains the lesser satisfactoriness of his largely attended courses in American literature.

Mr. Matthews, though born in New Orleans, is very decidedly a New Yorker. Cosmopolitan by instinct, and with that talent for detail which is necessary to the successful painter of local scenes, he has been able to get the feeling of the different groups of cities, Italian, American, French, Hebrew, Chinese, that go to the making of our conglomerate municipality; and in the "Vignettes of Manhattan," his high-water mark in fiction, he has presented in delicate miniature varying phases of national and individual character, modified and tinged by the all-pervading spirit of this absorbing city. Mr. Matthews's works are too numerous for individual mention, but it may be said of his novels, of which "A Confident To-Morrow," "The Action and the Word," and "His Father's Son," are the best known, that the interest centres rather in the social *milieu*, and the enjoyable conversation, than in any strong creation of character or originality in plot. So, too, his play, "Peter Stuyvesant," lacked the vitality which comes alone with that interpretative and imaginative force so sadly conspicuous by its contemporary rarity.

Mr. Matthews has been always a staunch advocate of things Yankee, whether they have to do, as in his poem included in Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," with the female sex, or, as in "Americanisms and Britishisms," with grammar and syntax. Throughout his writings he displays knowledge of the doings and sayings of most of the interesting people alive

and dead, and as a *raconteur* he can have few superiors. Together with Lowell and Arnold, Isaac Disraeli formed the trio of authors whose writings he remembers reading with especially keen interest in youth; and indeed one readily believes that the bibliophilic author of the "Curiosities of Literature" bequeathed to Mr. Matthews his fondness of anecdote. He dearly loves an epigram (one remembers the description of a certain character as having the "suburbanity of a Westchester-fieldian") or a bit of humorous verse, whether his own or a friend's, and in his well-stocked library there are many volumes, often dedicatory, which reflect their authors' willingness to gratify this taste. Wrote Laurence Hutton, in his "Curiosities of the American Stage":

This book to Brander
Whose Helping Hand a
Lot did comfort and do me good.
Accept it, Brander,
And understand a
Lot of Gratitude understood.

That a cordial feeling exists among many of the Columbia men of letters is proved by the frequency with which they dedicate their books to one another. In "What is Good English," we find Mr. Harry Thurston Peck writing, "To my friend and colleague, Brander Matthews, as evidence of the discord of our opinions and the harmony of our tastes." Mr. Peck is very refreshing in the discord of his opinions; and his buoyant, assertive, and yet at times analytically thoughtful method, both as editor and author, indicates a capable character and a capable mind. He is, above all, fair-minded and unafraid; and he accepts criticism in the same spirit with which he deals it out.

In spite of his being a professor of Latin, nothing dry finds its way into Mr. Peck's writings. In his essays there is a quick seizing of each theme, and a clear elucidation of the author's thought. Nowhere is his sanity better displayed than in the article on Nietzsche, where the author shows, together with a capacity for deep thinking, a sympathy

with those strivings which, even when tainted with insanity, reveal their kinship with the ideal efforts of the human mind. The essay has for companion pieces some papers which are, after all, only transitory in their interest. It is this dual tendency in Mr. Peck's mental make-up that gives rise to the feeling that he sacrifices to the many-mouthed, insatiable god, Timeliness, the greater position to which he might otherwise attain. We read the introduction to "Trimalchio's Dinner" and recognize how interesting, how easy-flowing, justly written, is this essay on the story, the romance in antiquity. Wide knowledge and a graceful style go hand in hand. As a Latin scholar who is at the same time a lover of literature and a stylist, its author could, if he but devoted himself to the task, enrich American culture through worthy translation and interpretation of the ancient writers. There is much need to-day of a Jebb or a Jowett on this side of the Atlantic; some one to raise the study of the classics from its archaeological and etymological slough of despair. It is not enough for those who admire Mr. Peck to pass many an amusing hour in the perusal of his lighter papers, discovering that he can with equal penetration trace to their very roots the charms of feminine tresses, the growths of political disturbances, and the intricacies of Latin verbs. The sower in the field of literature cannot afford to do as does the sower in the field of grain: he must not scatter the seed of his mind, here and there, over many acres: rather let him make one plot of ground finely and fruitfully his own. How we should welcome some long, serious work from Mr. Peck! There is in one of his poems, one of those sweet simple poems reminiscent of Thackeray and Stevenson and other dear memories, this stanza:

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,

The truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned,—
And, striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

Wonderland indeed thus; but in other ways also Wonderland; Wonderland because every serious effort bears perpetual blossoms, and nothing that is worth while is wholly lost. Versatility is a danger as well as an advantage; and so because we believe Mr. Peck capable of important and lasting critical work, work that shall mirror forth impartiality of judgment, intuition, seriousness of thought, wide culture, with that progressiveness which is based on conservatism, and all flooded with the light of humor and quick flashes of wit—because we will not be satisfied with less than this, we take the ungracious and ungraceful position of those who deprecate even where they have enjoyed.

On the personal side, Mr. Peck is of that class of professors who, without ever becoming widely known to the student body, impress all who come into close contact with them with the genuineness of their interest in what concerns Columbia. His judgments are not over-quickly pronounced, but they are almost invariably on the right side. His mood is generally serious, but his faculty of humor is always making itself known, and no doubt Mr. Maurice, the junior editor of the *Bookman*, could, if he chose, tell of many an interesting verbal encounter with his confrère. With a great capacity for executive work he is equally at home as the journalist in Newspaper Row, the editor on Fifth Avenue, or the professor on Morningside Heights. And, best of all, like so many of the Columbia professors, he is ever willing and eager to help others. There are many young men, dependent on their own exertions, who have reason to be grateful to Mr. Peck.

Though both the professors to whom this paper has thus far been given over have frequently published verse, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman is that Columbia graduate and instructor whose notes have oftenest sounded in the

lyric choir. Wherever one finds a poem by Mr. Sherman, whether it be a simple quatrain caught between the pages of a magazine, or any song in such a volume as his "Lyrics for a Lute," the reader shall meet with a loveliness of expression and a delicacy of fancy that are the most acceptable substitute for inspired thought and potent imagination. He seems to have preserved beneath the matter-of-fact exterior of the professor of architecture what one might call in all reverence a certain maidenliness of soul together with a simple love of beauty, so that in his verse he appears at times a purer, if lesser, Herrick. More ambitious fields have been entered into, however, by a younger instructor, Mr. Joel Elias Spingarn, of the Department of Comparative Literature, who for many years was the most gifted contributor to the undergraduate papers. Some of his sonnets have a swift splendor of wording, and in several dramatic dialogues and longer pieces there is evidence of sustained power holding out hope of greater achievement. Mr. Spingarn has already reached a position of distinction as the assistant editor of the *Journal of Comparative Literature*, and as the author of a scholarly volume on "Literary Criticism in the Renaissance." A Phi Beta Kappa poem and a very beautiful "Prothalamion" in an issue, last spring, of the *Atlantic Monthly* are almost the only lines of his that have reached the public beyond the Columbia circles; and so it is a double pleasure to quote, as an example of his verse, this sonnet wherein, poet-wise, he already sees realized what to the less impetuous gaze remains as yet a sadly unaccomplished ideal:

ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Great harbor of the world! To your domain
Vast hordes of men from regions wild and rude
Come flocking after freedom,—all the brood
Of Afric desert and Siberian plain,
Of citied Italy and haughty Spain—
England, France, Russia—mountain, wood,
Lake, city, hamlet,—so our people should
Build mightier Rome and nobler Greece again.
This is the land, and here the centuried quest
Surges in wonder; and the great world sees

The course of things that scramble on apace
Made plain and holy, and the mysteries
Of law and inequality and race
Solved in the splendor of our alkahest.

While Mr. Underhill, Mr. Brewster, and Mr. Odell have editorially and otherwise made prose contributions to swell the sum of Columbia literature, another of the Columbia instructors whom the Muse has treated lovingly is Mr. Curtis Hidden Page, whose lyrics have often shown a freshness and sweetness separating them from the average magazine verse, while Mr. Page's editing of more than one French author manifests that sympathetic approach which made his courses in French literature very fruitful to his students. The head of his Department, Professor Cohn, ranks also with the Columbia men of letters by temperament as well as accomplishment; and although his published writings have been few he has been instrumental in contributing richly to New York's cultural life by introducing into our lecture halls such men as Brunetière and René Doumic.

A younger poet than either Mr. Spingarn or Mr. Page—younger, though he graduated from Columbia over a score of years ago, and poet, though he has published but little verse—presents himself now to our memory. Shall he be likened to Sir Philip Sidney of gracious fame, or to Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*? In either case every Columbia man who has been his student and his friend—nor can one have been the former without having become the latter—will immediately recognize Mr. A. V. Williams Jackson.

It is several years since Mr. Jackson gave up his professorship in the Department of English Literature to devote himself more exclusively to work in the Oriental field. That he has delved successfully in the rich soil of the older civilization such a volume as his on Zoroaster well attests; and in papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere he has shown forth the interest and importance of the Indo-Iranian literatures. "Columbia," a French man of letters was quoted as saying,

already many years ago, "yes, that is where Professor Jackson is." But his international reputation as an Oriental scholar means less to us, in thinking of him as a Columbia instructor, than his personality, his tastes, and his influence. In this age of specialization he has become a great specialist without losing that love of the humanities, that general culture, that intimacy with the beautiful in literature marking the true man of letters. With equal understanding and sympathy he approaches the Indian drama, the Elizabethan drama, the drama of life.

In a volume entitled "Imaginary Lectures," written four years ago by "Walter Satyr," Mr. William Aspinwall Bradley of the Class of '99, the manner and matter of discourse characteristic of several of the better-known Columbia professors were parodied with a marked degree of wit and intuition. All the lectures, while in themselves nonsense, gave in spite of their unreality the real impression and atmosphere. As a parenthetical introduction to Mr. Jackson's imaginary address, the author wrote: "Words, mere words, are quite inadequate to do justice here. Imagine the lecture chanted in sweet, high treble with the 'dying fall' the Duke would fain have heard again, or loosed on the light wings of a melting melody, half laughter and half sigh, and you will come most near to that effect which must remain the joy and the despair of the imitator forever." To the uninitiated this sounds like arrant nonsense; to us others it suggests a certain quality "winsome and delightful," a certain ever-buoyant sweetness more refreshing than any acquired culture of the most strenuous seeker after "sweetness and light." There comes back, in thinking of Mr. Jackson, not so much the recollection of the poet's interpretation of Shakespeare, or the scholar's criticism of the "Shah-namah" and other Persian literature as the recollection of this Columbia graduate and professor in quite other surroundings than those of the lecture-room. It is springtime, and a car-full of students are on their way to Princeton, to the baseball game. They

have started singing, and before long the immemorial and inevitable "In Heaven Above" is caught up by all the voices. Just as the final line, with its traditional damning of the Faculty is reached, some one of the singers notices for the first time that Mr. Jackson is seated at the end of the car. Before there can be any question of how he likes the emphatic ending pronounced so shoutingly in his ears, he has jumped to his feet with (as nearly as the words come back, after the lapse of years) "That's all right, boys. Let us have it again. I'll sing it with you." And so again we begin,

In heaven above
Where all is love
The Faculty won't be there,

to end the song with a hearty cheer for the representative of the Faculty, our college mate, Mr. Jackson.

It is difficult, so numerous are the Columbia writers, to limit the scope of this paper without excluding authors whose work is of interest to the general reading public, although the work itself falls in a special field not necessarily literary. The writers on Biology, Sociology, and Economics may naturally be omitted, even though their treatises are contributions of importance to contemporary thought; but it is only by a necessary but somewhat formal interpretation of the term "men of letters" that such interesting historical writers as Mr. Burgess, Mr. Osgood, Mr. Dunning, and that remarkable stylist, Mr. Munroe Smith, must be passed over with a mere mention. Their confrère, Mr. Sloane, comes, perhaps more surely, into the arbitrary circle of contemporary men of letters by reason of his serially published work in the *Century Magazine*, a work that won him, in a Columbia undergraduate journal, the title "The Historian of Napoleon, and the Napoleon of Historians." Another professor of history, Mr. Robinson, has in his translation of Petrarch's letters, and in the introduction prefacing the translation, produced a volume of real value in the world of culture. The spirit of the Middle Ages, the conditions affecting the Re-

naissance, and Petrarch's qualities, not only in themselves but in reference to his time, Mr. Robinson has concisely and excellently outlined, showing in

stood only by those who will dive beneath the surface of well-known names and dates to discern through the study of first sources (contemporary writings,



Photo for THE CRITIC by

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

Hollinger

his criticism, as well as in his selection of the letters deserving translation, that illuminating point of view wherefrom one regards history as the sum total of social life, to be fully under-

popular desires and beliefs, actual commercial and intellectual influences, etc.) the spirit of the times in which great deeds were done. What the man of letters does in the study of all life,

including history which is past life, is to perceive the meaning of little things as well as of great things, of great individual things as well as the great aggregate of little things, adjusting his gaze by means of the faculty of proportion, the one indispensable quality of the

Church was a great nation, a wonderfully regulated political as well as religious organization, stand forth clearly in memory, recalling the methods and the results of true cultural research.

While Mr. Robinson has never attempted any literary work entirely



Photo by Davis

PROFESSOR W. P. TRENT

Richmond, Va.

philosophic mind. It is because Mr. Robinson instils in his students and his readers the sense of the value of less obvious facts, and of the importance of getting at these facts first-hand, that he is so helpful; and the lectures in which he let the people and writers of mediæval times show in a thousand and one ways how the Roman Catholic

apart from the historical field, another Columbia man of letters, Mr. William P. Trent, has allowed Calliope, the sweet-voiced, to lure him away from Clio. Formerly Professor of History in the University of the South, Mr. Trent, having succeeded to the chair left vacant by Richard Hovey, now gives various literature courses, of which that



Photo for THE CRITIC by

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

Histed

on Milton is perhaps the best known. His volume on Milton is one of the foremost American studies of England's poet—the reader is inclined almost to envy the author his loving intimacy with so great a soul. Nor is this Columbia's only successful study of a great foreign poet, for Mr. Calvin Thomas's "Life of Schiller" has won praise from many sources for its thoroughness and its literary excellence. Mr. Trent's only American literary biography is that of the Southern novelist, William Gilmore Simms, whose name and fame are fading away with all the other gradually fainter memories of the Civil War. "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime" is another book indicating Mr. Trent's interest in the South, as also is his life of Robert E. Lee; while the volume entitled "Authority of Criticism" gives a good idea of his literary beliefs and inclinations. He is the kind of man to find a welcome on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, continuing the tradition of Southern graciousness so firmly established at Columbia

by Mr. Thomas R. Price. As the head of the English Department for many years, Mr. Price* has won an enviable position, steadily gaining in the affection of his subordinates; and though his published papers are few this courtly old gentleman is known as one of the most thorough and sympathetic of Shakespearian scholars and as that critic of Ibsen whom the Danish dramatist himself most highly esteems. Indeed, approachability and affability are characteristic of most of the Columbia professors, some of whom, like Mr. George R. Carpenter, have regular evenings on which they receive students. The indispensable quality of such a host is the faculty of placing every guest—even the timorous freshman—at his ease. Mr. Carpenter has this faculty, and with it a constant willingness and ability to discuss all manner of affairs, whether closely touching the college life, or as remote as the business transactions of the outside world. The value of Mr. Carpen-

* Since the writing of this article Mr. Price's death has occurred.

ter's influence in this direction—the value, indeed, of his important course in Rhetoric, necessitating daily theme-writing—is that it leads to mental application in many fields and to concise, direct expression. Perhaps if Mr. Car-

bonds of memory and tradition. Secretary and Treasurer of the Dante Society, which has had for presidents Longfellow and Lowell and Mr. Norton, Mr. Carpenter was in many ways the fitting translator of Boccaccio's life



Photo for THE CRITIC by

MR. CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

Pach

penter were asked to mention his favorite topic for thought and discussion he might answer that it was Dante. His love for the master-poet of the mediæval world seems a fair inheritance from the Harvard world of letters to which Mr. Carpenter, himself a Harvard graduate, must feel linked by many

of the Italian poet, added a few years ago to the distinguished list of Grolier Club publications. Mr. Carpenter's style is simple and clear, lending itself successfully not alone to translations, but, as his life of Longfellow evidences, to original work of an expository nature. His cast of mind is that of the

unemotional, sane judge of men and things, a shrewd observer and a zealous toiler in this practical world of ours.

Perhaps that professor who in some ways most forcibly presents this same practical world, letting the light of

losophy, that it will come as a surprise to many to learn that he is deeply and genuinely a man of letters. Of course he has written books; many of his addresses have been reprinted; and a volume of thoughts and reflections on



Photo for THE CRITIC by

PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK

Hollinger

ideal life make beautiful and significant man's part in it, is a man but recently added to the Columbia faculty. Mr. Felix Adler is thought of so pre-eminently as the leader in an ethical movement; as a citizen foremost in matters concerning civic righteousness; as a lecturer and teacher in ethics and phi-

"Life and Destiny," excerpts from numerous lectures, has just been published. Alone in nearer approaches, however, does one realize the depth and richness of culture in this man's nature. There comes to mind a walk in the mountain woods, late one autumn afternoon, when in all the conversation

there was hardly a word of aught save art and literature. There seemed to be nothing in Greek thought foreign to his mind or in Greek poetry unknown to his heart, and as the talk swept on-

calls to action and to thought less urgent and imperative.

As has been said, however, Mr. Adler has only lately joined the Columbia forces, and his influence in the Uni-

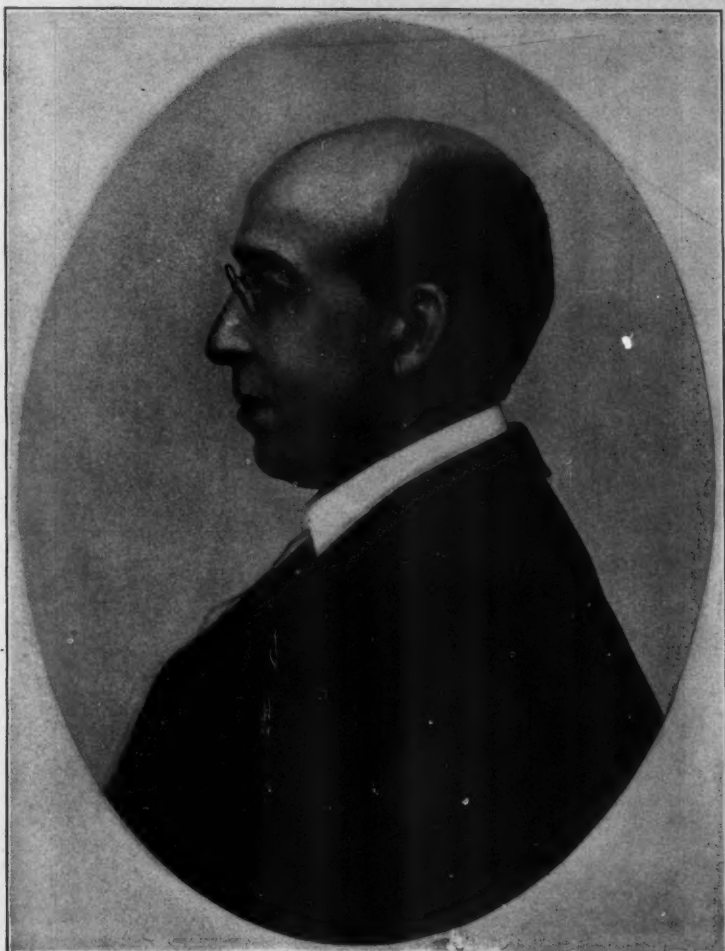


Photo for THE CRITIC by

PROFESSOR FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Hollinger

ward to the days of Shakespeare and Milton, of Shelley and Wordsworth, Mr. Adler would say something of this poet, quote something from that poet, in a way which could not but convince the hearer that a great critic of literature was a title well within Mr. Adler's reach were life a little longer and other

versity's life belongs to the future. One may safely predict that it will be great and inspiring.

An influence that has already proved itself great and inspiring is that of Mr. George E. Woodberry, Professor of Comparative Literature, the man who has in the past ten years most deeply

impressed his personality upon the College. To the outside world he is known as the biographer of Poe and Hawthorne, as the author of several volumes of tender lyrics and thoughtful essays, and as the editor of Shelley and more than one other famous writer of prose and of poetry. His "Heart of Man," with its "New Defence of Poetry," establishing his noble kinship with Aristotle, Sidney, and the other great defenders of the truths of literature, has already won recognition as America's most distinguished contribution to general literary culture since the days of Lowell; while it would be difficult to find any recent poem comparable in loftiness of thought and imagery to "The Roamer." Gradually and steadily Mr. Woodberry is gaining the position, not, perhaps, of the most widely known but of the most deeply respected critic in our world of letters, and in recent years various publishing houses have made more claims upon his time than he can satisfy.

The students in Columbia College, and especially those who graduated during the final decade of the last century, do not think of Mr. Woodberry pre-eminently as the important critic, the impartial biographer, or the melodious singer of the "North Shore Watch." It is very difficult to make clear to the general public the relationship existing between many of these Columbia men and their Professor,—difficult because the inspiration he has given them is something too fine to attempt to explain in detail, or to desire calmly to make evident to the public gaze. One hesitates lest overmuch speech be a violation of cherished privilege. But it may be said that Mr. Woodberry in all his courses in Literature, and in all his relations with the undergraduates, has so infused into his teachings and his actions ideals of beauty and the beauty of ideals as to inspire into all who came really to know him a finer sense of the worth of life, of the joy and dignity of develop-

ing all the different sides of man's nature, basing all action on the firm rock of justice, of courage, and of love. Mr. Carpenter, on an occasion some years ago, spoke of three types of professors that may be met with in the modern university. Choosing his examples from Columbia, he instanced as the professor pre-eminently with executive ability, Mr. Butler; the professor pre-eminently with specialized knowledge, Mr. Wilson; and as the type of the professor who through his personality influences the character of youth, Mr. Woodberry. Just in that formative period of character when boyhood is passing into manhood it is of infinite importance that a wise friend should be at hand rightly to direct those impulses of enthusiasm and loyalty that might otherwise be misguided, or wholly lie dormant. Mr. Woodberry has the power, as have few men in any generation, of exercising the supreme function of the teacher—the function of opening to individual effort sympathetic and intelligent approach to what is lastingly true and beautiful in the writings and the deeds of man. He has the faculty of getting and giving much pleasure in many ways far distant from the lecture-room; at his home in Beverly the ocean and the elm trees lure his thoughts from the serious business of life, speaking to him in accents of strength and loveliness; and here in New York, at the Players' Club or at the Century or some other favorite haunt, there could be no better host, either to choose the wines and the cigars, or to lead the talk of comrades into pleasant channels. But though the wonder of nature with its great woods and its tempestuous seas makes constant appeal to Mr. Woodberry, and though the joys of comradeship are his dearest joys, his most lasting message to those who will hear him is that life is made up of warfare and worship, and that loyalty to self becomes one with loyalty to friends and loyalty to convictions.



Composite Photography

Applied to the Portraits of Shakespeare

By WALTER ROGERS FURNESS

IN Mr. Francis Galton's interesting "Inquiries into Human Faculty" there is a chapter on what is termed "Composite Photographs," by which name is designated the final photograph obtained from the exposure to the same sensitized plate of a series of human faces. A photograph thus "composed" presents, according to Mr. Galton's ingenious theory, the face typical of the group. It was while reading this chapter that the idea occurred to me of trying, by a similar process, to obtain a typical portrait of Shakespeare.

It is not to be supposed that I felt at all sanguine of obtaining a satisfactory result. The essential element for success, namely, identity of position in the originals, was not to be counted on; all that I could hope for from this somewhat fanciful experiment would be, if there be any truth at all in Mr. Galton's theory, a reflex, very shadowy at best, of the most characteristic features in the alleged portraits of Shakespeare. At any rate, the experiment seemed worth trying, and if it satisfies no one it has at least interested me.

Under the guidance of my father, (Dr. H. H. Furness) and of Mr. Norris, the best living authority on the portraits of Shakespeare, to both of whom I here gladly express my affectionate and respectful thanks, I selected nine portraits supposed to have the best authenticated pedigrees, including the Stratford bust and the death mask. In six of these the face is turned to the left of the spectator, at nearly the same angle; in the remaining three it is turned in an opposite direction.

The first step was to reduce these portraits, by photography, to the same size. That size was determined by the distance, in exactest measurement, between the eyes and the mouth. The photographs thus obtained were at-

tached to a board by four pins, with the eyes and mouths superposed as accurately as possible by adjustment in a frame across which were stretched two intersecting fine silk threads, one passing horizontally through the line of the eyes, the other vertically through the centre of the forehead and the middle of the upper lip.

Upon exposing each portrait of the first group to the sensitized plate for the same number of seconds, namely three, I found that the more marked outline of the Stratford bust unduly predominated, not so much from the character of the features themselves, as from the fact that the photograph was a reproduction of a statue; and conversely the Chandos portrait, dim and dark, failed to express itself in the composite. I was therefore obliged to apportion the exposure to the sensitized plate, allotting four seconds to the Chandos portrait, two seconds to the Stratford bust, and three seconds to each of the other four portraits.

For the like cause in the second group it was found, on trial, that one and one half seconds had to be given to the death mask, and seven seconds to each of the other portraits.

Merely by way of experiment, three minor composites were made by combining in pairs those portraits which seemed to bear to each other the closest resemblance, viz., the Chandos and the Jansen; the Chandos and the Droeeshout; the Felton portrait and the Stratford bust.

My thanks are due to the skill and experience of Mr. W. Curtis Taylor.

I cannot but think that the photographs on the following pages reveal a similarity of likeness running through portraits which at first sight present a quite dissimilar character.



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

CHANDOS, DROESHOUT, JANSEN, STRATFORD, FELTON, BUST



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
OF THE CHANDOS AND THE JANSEN PORTRAIT



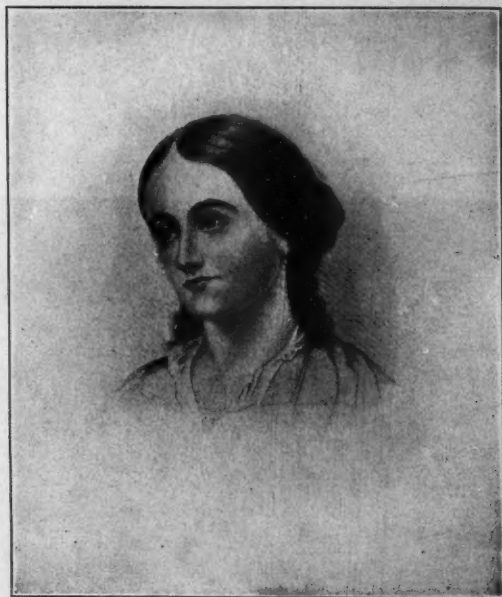
COMPOSITE PORTRAIT .
OF THE CHANDOS AND THE DROESHOUT PORTRAITS



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
OF THE FELTON PORTRAIT AND THE STRATFORD BUST



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
MARSHALL'S DROESHOUT, ASHBOURNE, DEATH MASK



Courtesy of

MARGARET FULLER

Miss Edith Fuller

(From an unpublished photograph)

Margaret Fuller as Teacher

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

THE publication of some "Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller," apart from the open question regarding the use of such material, has wakened anew discussion regarding her true character and literary influence.

To contemporaries, who saw her life in segments, she presented two distinct aspects. To intimate associates she seemed either an adorable paragon of intellect or a repellent egotist. A few friends only recognized the complex nobleness and limitations of the woman. In her earlier years her mental brilliancy and incessancy were exploited, while her emotional and spiritual yearnings were ignored or misconstrued. Because of the dimness of insight into her true nature, her later life seemed contrary to her earlier interests. The patient tenderness of the nurse in Italian hospitals, — the love-fruitition in comradeship with a simple nature

wholly free from intellectual gifts and strivings, — the anxious, absorbing devotion of the mother, — all these manifestations of passionate zeal for service and sacrifice seemed irreconcilable with the fixed mental image of Margaret Fuller, transcendentalist and critic. Even the "Memoirs," with their fund of luminous facts so inadequately presented, failed to reconcile fully the two personalities. Colonel Higginson, in his judicious study of her character and writings, has constructed a life that is consistent; a woman in whom intellect and imagination, emotions and soul, were co-existent, each struggling, in turn, for zealous expression. In current retrospect, amid scores of women of similar paradoxical traits, Margaret Fuller's personality is still dominant, still dramatic, yet not wholly understood. In American literature she was pioneer of the women of intel-

lectual acumen and training, whose innate womanliness of heart and soul has been strengthened rather than lost by mental activity.

Carlyle recognized the imperious intellect and egotism, combined with true heroism, when he wrote Emerson, after the visit of Margaret Fuller: "Her 'mountain me' indeed; but her courage too is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great; her veracity, in its deepest sense, *à toute épreuve*." Few lives have revealed more distinct landmarks of development, intellectual and spiritual. There was a steadfast growth of broad, true womanhood, despite frequent lapses into hasty, crude egotism. The latter quality alternated with moods of deep humility, even despond in girlhood and early maturity. The deeper revelations, however, were confined to occasional letters and journal-pages; the self-confidence was emphasized in mien and words. Doubtless she merited Lowell's sarcasm:

"And as for myself, I'm quite out of conceit!"

'Quite out of conceit! I'm enchanted to hear it,'

Cried Apollo aside,
—'Who'd have thought she was near it?'

These diverse qualities in process of development are most vividly portrayed during the years of her direct relations with lofty minds, the period of her friendship with Emerson, Alcott, Channing, Clarke, and other great thought-leaders, whence she gained mental and spiritual incentive. This decade was also coeval with her guidance of

younger, less mature intellects, both in schoolroom teaching and in her "Conversations." The latter experiment has been often portrayed. It was pioneer in a species of educational modè which, to-day, has reached an excess, threatening to submerge individual thought beneath mere mental absorption. In her famous "Conversations," Margaret Fuller was more than mere lecturer. Though we may hide a supercilious smile as we read the fragmentary reports of these discussions on abstruse themes of mythology, education, and æsthetics, we must accept the universal testimony of the men and women who participated,—leaders of thought in the mid-century,—who have reiterated the mental inspiration there gained. Inevitably, Margaret Fuller was herself the recipient of the greatest benefit. With the avowed aim

"to clarify her own thoughts, to probe her own depths and discover the shallows," and especially to satisfy her yearning for contact with other minds and hearts, she instituted these "Conversations" which have become a famous episode in literary history. Her intuition and sympathies responded to comradeship while she gained in self-knowledge and logical thought. One cannot deny that her personal vanity was pleased by the adu-

lation and "the beautiful gifts," with the "little, delicate poetic attentions," for she was essentially a woman. There is, however, a note of sincere gratitude and joy in her written words of 1844,

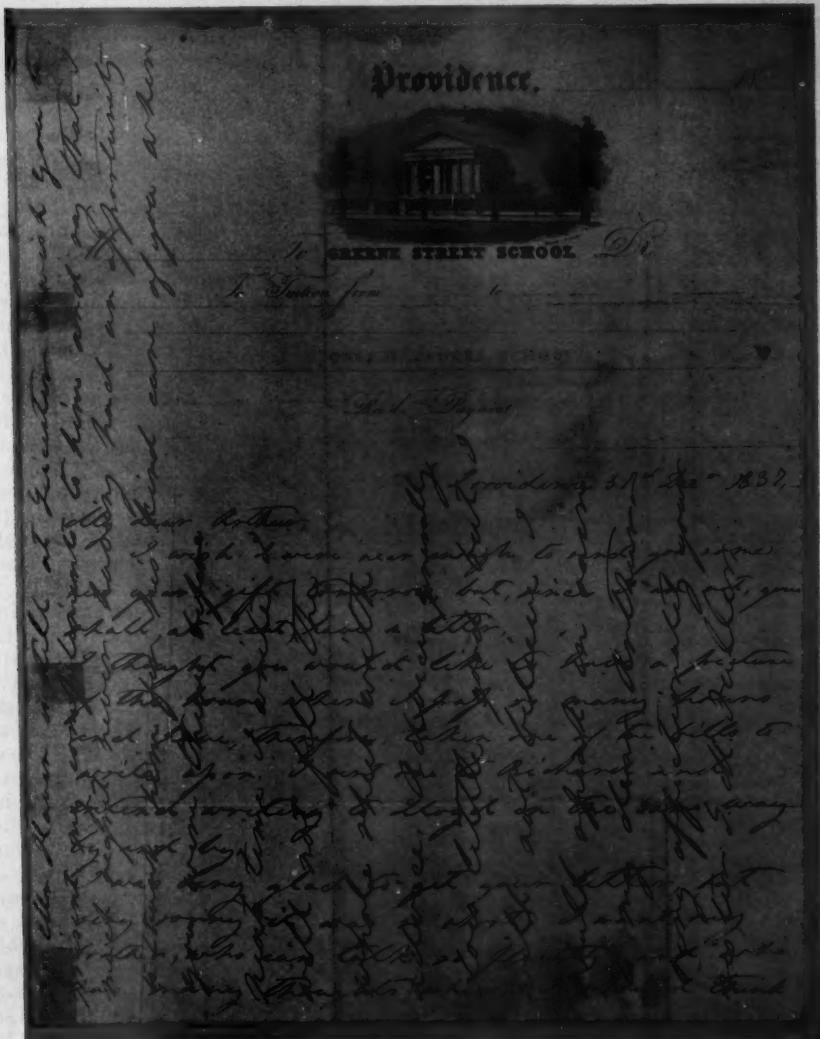


MARGARET FULLER'S BIRTHPLACE,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

(After a photograph never before published)

when she abandoned the classes to accept the position on Mr. Greeley's *Tribune*: "It was the last day with my class. How noble has been the

her classes has been expressed in familiar words by such poised, distinctive minds as Emerson and Channing, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Ripley, Miss Elizabeth



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MARGARET FULLER TO HER BROTHER ARTHUR (NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED)

experience of such relations now for six years, and with so many and so varied minds! Life is worth living, is it not?" Her magnetic influence upon the thirty or more members of

Hoar, and Mrs. Dall. All have testified to her compelling ideas, her persistent, kindly awakening of response, and her sarcasm evoked by prejudice and intolerance.

This experience in teaching, for thus the "Conversations" must be classified, followed and, in a way, resulted from her brief service in private schools in Boston and Providence. Her significant influence upon maturing childhood has been inadequately noted. A scattered few of these younger pupils still linger among us and, from their vivid memories, have recalled their impressions of the personality and inspiration of this teacher. Teaching as a life-work, or even as a long experiment, was never included in the lofty aspirations of Margaret Fuller during her young womanhood. Her dreams of the future foretold high achievements in authorship, wide travel, and intimate friendship with men and women of genius, grand services to literature and reform. The work of teaching, which proved one of the best media for gauging her intellectual resources and testing her character, came from unforeseen exigencies. Briefly recalled, her life to the age of twenty-five had been characterized by an abnormal mentality which dominated the overtaxed nerves, and caused alternate moods of self-promise and self-depreciation. Her emotional imagination suffered many cravings and occasional harsh rebuffs. Her father has been over-censured for the rigid and injudicious methods employed in educating this naturally feverish, intense mind. The times afford many examples of disregard of all physical laws and repression of all emotional tenderness in children's education. She had passed through an abnormal youth which had left significant marks. The incessant exercise of thought and memory, the worshipful "adorations" of her childhood, the ecstatic "happiness almost unbearable" as she listened to harp-music, the misjudgments and crushed longings of her school-life, the hauteur which disguised the emotional passion, the comradeship with young men of promising genius, and her own intellectual pose, the new vision of life through acquaintance with Goethe and his compeers, the social gatherings of Boston and Cambridge, often calling forth her keenest wit,

—such revelations of her girlhood and early womanhood are read in her "Memoirs."

In 1833, when she was twenty-three, her father, whose legal and political activity had reached ebb-tide, bought an estate in Groton and thither moved to pass his last days in rural pleasures. This picturesque little town, replete with historical and literary associations, still attracts the chance visitor. Here Margaret had been a pupil at the renowned school of Miss Prescott. The estate purchased by Mr. Fuller still stands as nucleus of the magnificent country-seat of Hon. William F. Wharton. At first a feeling of regret for this removal from the centre of mental life to the lonely village is echoed in her letters and journal-pages. Gradually, however, the sanative influences of Nature, the grand vista of Monadnock and the Peterborough hills, the incentive to undistracted thought and reading, conquered the earlier disappointment. Later, the Groton residence was associated with sadness, death, and disappointment, but during the earlier months of Nature-communion, one notes a new clarity and breadth of vision, in her written confession. With her emotional and spiritual longings she went out into the fragrant fields, "with their music," and there Nature allayed her turbulence of mind: "Suffice it to say, I gave it all into our Father's hands, and was no stern, self-weaving Fate more, but one elected to obey, and love, and at last know. Since then I have suffered, as I must suffer again, till all the complex be made simple, but I have never been in discord with the grand harmony." A sadness of this period, a severe disappointment of friendship, is suggested in journal-sentences and also in a poem, written on her birthday, May 23, 1836, included among some unpublished material deposited by Colonel Higginson in the Cambridge Public Library which I have been allowed to consult through his courtesy. Without detailed mention of this episode in her life or extended quotation from the simple verses, I here include two stanzas of general confession:

Thus passed the years ; on men and books I mused,
And Nature's pages with delight perused,
And yet their meaning true did never find
Till deep distress had humanized my mind.

Yet not in vain these weary, dreary days :
They led to Truth by strange and secret ways ;
Since I no longer on myself depend,
But seek in God the only perfect Friend.

She filled her hours with domestic helpfulness and mental exercise, was incessant and feverish in her activity, and even restorative Nature failed to avert the result which must follow such prolonged strain. This first severe illness at Groton brought her a new realization of her mother's wonted tenderness, and the dormant, yet vital love of her father. In anxiety, he broke down the barriers of reserve and revealed to her an unsuspected affection. As often happens in human history, this tender illumination of real character, this new bond of filial love, was quickly followed by severance of these relations. With her father's death came not alone a deep, half-reproachful grief, but also the complete abandonment of her long-cherished plans for European travel, which had almost reached their fulfilment. As eldest daughter, facing responsibilities to her mother and younger brothers and sister, surprised to find financial stress before the family, she pledged her talents and life to service, determined to sacrifice even her share of the income, if necessary, to secure the education of the younger children. In Mr. Higginson's biography are some significant words written later to her brother Richard, in memory of this crisis: "But if these beautiful hills and wide, rich fields saw this sad lesson well learned, they also saw some precious lessons given, too, of faith, of fortitude, of self-command, and of less selfish love."

The practical, almost inevitable, expression of this service to her family was the decision to seek a place as teacher. On her birthday, when she wrote the lines of confession already quoted, she also recorded her hopes of gaining some literary work, but, in fear of disappoint-

ment, she added: "If I do not, soon, I will make up my mind to teach. I can thus get money, which I will use for the benefit of my dear, gentle, suffering mother, my brothers and sister, and this will be the greatest consolation to me at all events." Home duties for many years had included private lessons with the brothers and sister. With this experience, in the autumn of 1836, she left her family at Groton and went to Boston with the definite plan of private pupils in French, German, and Italian, and the vague hope of assisting Alcott in his educational-reform school, now in its second year of mingled success and obloquy.

The paramount influence in Margaret Fuller's life was her worshipful friendship for Emerson. From her girlhood friends, Hedge and Mrs. Farrar, she had learned to revere Emerson even before they met. In July, 1836, she made her first visit at his Concord home, impressed by "his beautiful presence" and longing for more intimate relation to his spiritual serenity, yet conscious of his remoteness and her limitations. It was during this visit that Alcott met Margaret Fuller and, as a result, suggested her alliance with his school. From Groton she wrote of her eagerness to attempt the work and to study Alcott's original methods of impartation and discipline, but she expressed a significant doubt: "It would be but an experiment on both sides, for, as I have never been subordinate to any one, I cannot tell how I should please or be pleased." Apparently, her relations with her first master were harmonious, for, after three months of copartnership, Alcott commends her "sympathy and insight, her catholic and liberal dispositions," and rejoices that to "her gift of intellect" has been added "that of prudence."

In Alcott's unpublished journals, quoted in part by Colonel Higginson, he mentioned her classes in French and Latin and also reports of the "Conversations on the Gospels," work hitherto performed by her predecessor, Miss Peabody. Of Miss Fuller's reportorial efforts, he wrote: "If she succeeds in

seizing their form and spirit, we may add a third to the two published volumes." Apparently, her grasp was not secure, or other circumstances prevented, for no third volume was printed, and later he wrote: "Miss Fuller succeeds, after some trial, in reporting the 'Conversations.'" Difficult, indeed, must have been the self-imposed task of regulating that free, rapid Pegasus of a mind to the exactness of mere repetition. Already the published reports of Alcott's "Conversations on the Gospels," designed to educe innate, childish views on morality and religion,—a method largely in vogue among current psychologists,—had aroused a furor of attack in certain Boston circles. The other volume edited by Miss Peabody, "The Record of a School," is most interesting to scholars in these days of tolerant, experiential pedagogy, but it added fuel to criticism of this American Pestalozzi and, within a few months, the outward censure and inner problems had reduced the school from forty to ten pupils and defeated the fulfilment of a significant experiment in education.

Margaret Fuller remained in Boston until April, 1837, combating nervous fatigue, and impatient both with Alcott's "practical defects" and the abuse by his ignorant censors. She mentioned, in letters and journals, her "bad head," yet she gave private lessons in Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Goethe, Schiller, Richter, and Tieck. The record of these twenty-five over-crowded weeks closed with the revelatory sentences: "The labor in Mr. Alcott's school was also quite exhausting. I, however, loved the children and had many valuable thoughts suggested, and Mr. Alcott's society was much to me." The application of these "valuable thoughts" and the effects of this first experiment in educational reform are noted with greater distinctness in her second and longer service as teacher in Providence.

Before she left Alcott's school, this opportunity had come, possibly through Emerson's influence. It was a most flattering offer for that time,—a salary

of \$1000 with moderate hours and unlimited freedom in methods. After a brief rest at Groton, she began her new duties. She was, however, still uncertain in health, and during these months in Providence,—as, in truth, throughout her life, she suffered frequent nervous headaches. As Emerson once wrote, however: "Pain acted like a girdle to give tension to her powers, and many of her keenest witticisms were uttered between 'spasms of violent headache.'"

The Greene Street School in Providence was a picturesque and significant incident in educational advance during this transitional period. Its history in detail has been well recorded by a former pupil, Hon. Henry L. Greene, in the *Rhode Island Historical Quarterly* for January, 1899. Margaret Fuller's association with the school, and Emerson's interest in both, added to its prestige. There were many similarities between Alcott's Boston experiment and this coeval effort. In both the aim was to emancipate education from traditional fetters,—to stimulate high and free thought in place of mere memorizing, to nourish the heart by cordial relations between teacher and pupil, and to educate the senses by surroundings of art and beauty. The internal appointments for comfort and aesthetic taste, emphasized in Alcott's school, the busts of Plato, the casts of "Aspiration" and "Silence," the carefully designed desks, were reproduced in kind; yet more, the classic simplicity and beauty of the building itself merited Margaret Fuller's loving tribute to her "little Greek temple." Akin in architecture to many other buildings of that time and city, the picturesque little school-house stood at the corner of Greene and Washington streets; on the same spot stands to-day a private school, while opposite the old school-garden is the new, impressive City Library.

The creator and principal of the Greene Street School was Col. Hiram Fuller, no relative of his assistant, despite the name. At first Margaret Fuller was impressed by his efficiency and practical methods, though she

deplored his lack of Alcott's "poetic beauty." Later, this very efficiency, when directed in channels contrary to her liking, annoyed her greatly until, says one of the pupils, she maintained towards her director "a dignified tolerance." There was a gradual lapse of cordial relations, due to temperamental friction, yet inquiry has emphasized the fact that, in those earlier years, Mr. Fuller ranked as a man of unusual tact and talent as educator and was warmly loved by his pupils and their families. Assuming charge of a private school in the spring of 1836, and succeeding a dull, antiquated teacher, victim of "minister's sore throat," and expert only in wielding "the tattling stick," he at once instituted reforms in cleanliness, order, and recreation. His purpose was to inspire and to ennoble. The simple morning devotions were followed by frank, tender "talks" on daily life, with brief readings from the best authors. As in other private schools of the time, journals were given all the pupils, and two of these, still preserved, have afforded graphic and authoritative portraits of this school and its teachers. Even in his first year of service, Mr. Fuller won the confidence of some Providence citizens who formed an association, built the model schoolhouse, and gave him full direction of their property and their children.

At the dedicatory exercises, June 10, 1837, Emerson delivered the "Discourse" in the Westminster Church. As a revelation of the regard shown for Mr. Fuller, and also as a unique criticism upon Emerson's address, I quote from a communication, signed "W.V.," found in the *Providence Journal* for June 17, 1837. The article is entitled "Opening of the Greene Street School," and begins with a long dissertation upon the need of recognition for true education and scholarship:

There is no people who boast more of their schools and of the education alike of all classes than ourselves. There is no people among whom educated persons, the devoted and obtrusive lovers of learning, are less appreciated. If any man doubts this let him open his eyes and look around him. The scholar does not respect himself. He

dares not; he feels that he is an intruder. Possessing less of the needful than his lordly neighbor, and feeling himself marked, on that account, as a dependent, he always yields the place of honor to the first pretender who claims it.

After further regret for the false standard of society and flings at New York "dancing fashionables," the writer localizes his appeal for cultivation of the mental and æsthetic faculties; "let us with warm hearts and kind feelings embrace this new school, and with the same sentiments also continue to encourage those among us that are of tried and approved standing." Turning to the Dedicatory Address, he utters a frank but regretful confession:

Notwithstanding Mr. Emerson's high and just celebrity as a scholar and a writer, I was much disappointed; in other words, there was much of what he said that I could not possibly understand. I had anticipated a rich treat. I have heard Mr. Emerson when he was most beautifully, calmly, and sublimely eloquent, and so have hundreds and thousands. . . . In our literary hemisphere, he is one of the highest stars. But our philosophy teaches us to call no man master. We cannot join the cry of wonderment at every taunting gibe and sarcasm covertly thrust at existing opinions and institutions. If we cannot understand what ideas a speaker or writer attaches to the simplest words in our mother tongue, we think that calling his discourse "transcendentalism" is speaking of it in very mild terms. . . . I have a maxim, Mr. Editor, that when learning turns mad, the vulgar should follow the dictates of common sense. I am not unwilling to do full justice to Mr. Emerson,—he is a strong man, even in his weakness. The intelligible parts of his address I admired in common with every one; and I have no doubt the whole of it was dictated by very philanthropic and refined feelings. But his friends must try to pardon it, if some persons here in Providence have not yet acquired a taste for Germano-Sartor-Resartus-ism.

As a sequence of this local criticism, there is added interest in a letter of Margaret Fuller to Alcott, June 27, 1837, granted for use by Mr. Higginson. Here is an excerpt:

I am sorry you were not here to listen to Mr. Emerson's "good words," which fell, if I may judge from the remarks they called forth, on stony soil. Yet there is always comfort in the thought that, if such seed must not fertilize the spot for

which it was intended, the fowl of the air may carry it away to some more propitious clime. And I myself, who was much cheered and instructed on the occasion, may be that bird if there be none other, which I may not think. . . . I am much pleased with my new haunt as far as the eye is concerned. . . . As to the occupants of this fair abode, I have not yet seen them through and through, but feel now able to form a tolerably fair estimate of the state of the children, and from their state can infer that of the families to which they belong. It is low compared with Boston, even with villages in its vicinity; for here is the hostile element of money-getting with but little counterpoise. Yet there is an affectionate, if not an intelligent sympathy in this community with Mr. Fuller and his undertaking, which will not, I hope, be felt in vain. Mr. Fuller is in many respects particularly suited to this business. His ready sympathy, his active eye, and pious, tender turn of thought are so adapted to all the practical part.

With grateful memories of her apprenticeship she writes of Alcott's aspirations and moods:

There were details in which I thought your plan imperfect, but it only needs to compare pupils who have been treated as many of these have with those who have been under your care, to sympathize with your creed that those who would reform the world should begin with the beginning of life. Particularly do I feel the importance of your attempt to teach the uses of language and cultivate the imagination in dealing with young persons who have had no faculties exercised except the memory and the common practical understanding. In *your* children I found an impatience of labor but a liveliness of mind; in many of *these*, with well-disposed hearts, the mind has been absolutely torpid. Those who have been Mr. Fuller's care are in far better state than the rest.

Such words well indicate Margaret Fuller's vital interest in child-study, and predict many progressive ideas of present-day education and reform.

As suggested, the aim of the Providence school was to elevate the routine of teaching into a joyous, ennobling experience and to eliminate the devitalizing methods of the past. With the awakening of free, creative thought was mingled varied exercise for both muscles and brain. In the atmosphere of the school were resident, says a former pupil, "morality, kindness, and politeness." The principal,

to whom must be accredited the chief part in this success, after six years of teaching here, established, for a time, a book-shop in Providence, and later went to New York, where he became joint publisher of *The Mirror* with Willis and Morris and contributed the keen, clever "Belle Brittan Letters," sketches of life in Newport and elsewhere. Before the Civil War he advocated the Southern cause and, finding himself unpopular with former friends, went to England, where he edited *The Cosmopolitan*. He died in Paris in 1880. His writings, now forgotten but found in part at the Library of the Rhode Island Historical Society (where is also a fine drawing of the Greene Street School), include "North and South," "The Flag of Truce," and "Grand Transformation Scenes." In the last volume he records a visit to Providence in 1875 and sentimentalizes over the destruction of his little temple, "dedicated by Ralph Waldo Emerson and consecrated and graced by the teachings of Margaret Fuller."

Two other teachers were enrolled besides Mr. Fuller and his first assistant. Miss Frances Aborn, afterwards Mrs. Benjamin White, had special care of the younger pupils, while Mrs. Georgiana Nias, a woman of Anglo-American birth with French alliances, noted for her great beauty, taught drawing, dancing, and other accomplishments. She was later a successful preceptress of her own school which followed the lines of progress chosen by Mr. Fuller. Her charm of manner and beauty of face, with their consequent admiration, seem to have been allurements to the green monster sometimes shown in Margaret Fuller's yearning heart. A lady who was a ward of Mrs. Nias has recalled for me her memories of both these teachers. For a large part of her Providence sojourn, Miss Fuller lived at the home of Miss Aborn, occupying a common parlor with Mrs. Nias and her children. To the latter she was ever devoted, full of clever entertainments, and longing to gain their affection. This little girl experienced the incident told by Mr. Higginson and related again to me, of

an unjust accusation for breaking Miss Fuller's microscope. Her emphatic denial had been discredited, but in loving confidence Margaret Fuller said: "Now, my dear, tell me the exact truth about this, for I shall believe what you say." A subtle, but strong revelation of nobler womanhood!

Miss Fuller admired the elegance and grace of Mrs. Nias and often sought to imitate some little device for self-adornment. A blue chenille cord knotted in her red-brown hair is a distinct memory of one of her former pupils. Occasionally her own contrasting lack of real beauty and failure to win admiration evoked a petulant sarcasm upon her colleague whose mind was clever but not well-trained in classic studies. Such was the supercilious retort in a small assembly, after a bit of keen repartee: "Why, Mrs. Nias, you would have been worth educating!"

The duties and impressions of this school are well portrayed in journal-pages and yet more in one or two unpublished letters, kindly loaned for use here. One, written to her young brother, chosen and copied by her niece, Miss Edith Fuller, is given in entirety:

PROVIDENCE, 25 July, 1837.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:

I was glad to get a few lines from you, but I wish you to study the art of saying more in your epistles and saying it well. Nothing but practice is necessary for this, I know, as you have plenty of thoughts in your mind. Many boys in our school of ten or eleven, inferior to you in natural capacity, write better. They have acquired some power of expression and a neat hand by the practice of keeping a journal for Mr. Fuller and some of their intimate friends to read. All the scholars in the upper department of our school are now to do this. Each has been provided with a book neatly bound in morocco and lettered on the back, 'School Journal.' I, too, have one of these books but do not write in it as much as my pupils do in theirs. They are very anxious to know if they shall ever be permitted to read mine. I tell them perhaps so, if I am able to speak well of them in it. Last week some of theirs were read aloud to the school, though without mentioning the name of the writer. The journal of one boy who spoke of the girls as "sweet sisters" and "fair as Eden's garden birds" excited a general smile. We are too refined to laugh aloud

at the Greene St. School! I will now tell you how I pass my time and give some idea of our school. I am (let mother marvel!) almost always up at 5 and sometimes at half-past 4 in the morning. I am completely dressed by six and then devote myself to my own studies until half-past 7 when we breakfast. My school lessons require no preparation and I have got them nicely arranged now. They are in composition, elocution, history, three classes in Latin, one of boys, several of whom I am much interested in and will describe them when I write to Richard, two classes in natural philosophy and one in ethics. These are so distributed as not to fatigue me at all. At half-past eight I go to the school. You enter through a wide gate, a piazza, and a pretty, wide door into a small entry on each side of which there is a dressing-room, one for the girls and one for the boys. Each dressing-room is furnished with looking-glasses, pegs for each scholar's hat or bonnet and places for overshoes if they wear them. There are two doors into the great hall, one for the girls, one for the boys, so they need never and do never romp or interfere. This hall is thickly carpeted, the walls are white, finished with pink, the ceiling arched with a place in the centre for a chandelier, if it should be needed. We talk of having evening conversations or dances or musical parties for the scholars next winter, but nothing is decided about that. Between the doors stands the piano with a neat French clock upon it. The principal color of the carpet is orange which harmonizes well with the black and brown desks and chairs. There are on each side of this hall two rows of boys and girls, all neatly dressed; indeed, some people object to us that rather too much ambition about appearance is encouraged, but if they lived there they would like the comfort of dealing with neat, well-dressed people as well as we do. At the upper end, on a platform raised two steps from the floor, is Mr. F.'s chair, a study-table with shelves and drawers for books and papers. On it stand two vases for flowers which are filled by the children: (tell mother we had two blossoms from a tulip tree to-day and they are beautiful), and four glass goblets from which the children drink water which is kept for them in a handsome urn upon the platform. On the right hand is a sofa for visitors and where I too sit when I am not in one of the recitation rooms. Mrs. Nias and Miss Aborn are generally in the morning down-stairs where is the school-room for the little children, with the wash-room, etc. I see I shall not have time to describe them as particularly as I could wish. All these young people look healthy and *excessively* happy. They seem enchanted with the school; almost all are docile, many eager in improvement. I have already become attached to in-

dividuals, and I find all very easy to manage and feel as if they were beginning to understand what I want of them. I will describe some of my favorites a week or two hence when I write to Richard. Perhaps, too, I shall tell him about the procession and the fireworks which I saw yesterday from the roof of the Mansion House. I did not receive the books till day before yesterday and then not without a deal of trouble and vexation, but I deserved it for my carelessness in omitting my direction. I suppose I thought I had given it and being in haste did not read the letter over. Ellen's roses were mouldy but I thank her as much as though they were fresh. I generally have bouquets from the schoolgirls every fair day. I see I did not tell what I did with the rest of my day after school. I get home when I do not go to walk, a little before one, dine at half-past, lie down until three, then write or study till tea-time. After tea, walk or make visits till ten,—to bed about eleven,—yes, I live very rationally. Dear mother must not make herself sick unless she wants to make me miserable. Love to all the family.

Very affectionately your sister,
M.

This frank letter, written to a boy and unconsciously showing the intuition and sympathy, as well as the dogmatic prerogative of the elder sister, has a counterpart in a letter to Emerson, almost identical in date and found in Mr. Higginson's portfolio. It reveals her mental condition and ambitions:

There is room here, if I mistake not, for a great move in the cause of education, but whether it is I who am to help move I cannot yet tell. I sometimes think *yes*, because the plan is becoming so complete in my mind; ways and means are continually occurring to me, and as far as I have tried them, they seem to succeed. Activity of mind, accuracy in processes, constant looking for principles and search for the good and beautiful, "that's the ground I go upon," as Mr. S. says in "Vivian Grey," and many of those who have never studied anything but words seem much pleased with their new prospects. However, I am aware that if there is difficulty there is charm to them in all this novelty and I am prepared to see new obstacles constantly rising up. Besides, my own progress in any of these acquirements which I have most loved will be no wise aided by staying here. I must work years to get ready a hillside for my vineyard.

None could be indifferent to Margaret Fuller's dominant personality. By her pupils, as in the outside world,

she was either adored or disliked. Her own feminine traits, with a nervous, moody temperament, were often responsible for many of her tactless mistakes in human relations. By her own confession she reached at times that verge of collapse when she "hated everything that was reasonable." In such moods or in moments of intellectual superiority, she uttered sarcasms that left indelible, resentful impress. By the boys she felt herself appreciated, and rejoiced in their perfect obedience and courtesy. Of this docility, Mr. Greene has given one droll, credible explanation:

She would awe them into a stillness by a certain imperious look and gesture impossible to describe or resist; then, as she addressed them would grow more and more eloquent, and presently to most of them incomprehensible. The dear fellows would say "yes'm" and "no'm" mostly at random and oftenest in wrong places, and take a long breath when dismissed to common people once more.

The two surviving girl-pupils of the Providence school, whom I was privileged to interview, exemplified in their distinctive memories the impressions left by Miss Fuller upon all associates. Both recalled her marvellous genius for expression, that fluency unequalled, that cogent wit. One of these women, however, even after a lapse of many years and vital pride in her apprenticeship to so famous a teacher, placed greatest emphasis upon the imperiousness of mien, the intensity and force which precluded genial relations. This pupil, then and now of marked individuality and strong convictions, came under the ban of Miss Fuller's displeasure on certain occasions. In one of her journal-sentences, after reading Pope, she had asserted that he "was not much of a poet but a good rhymers." This naïve estimate, echoed by many an older critic, was censured by the teacher as "preposterous," and a tense discussion ensued. Again, this same persistent girl, bred in a family of deep, courageous opinions, refused to recite a passage of pro-slavery trend in Wayland's "Moral Science," and authority and defiance again drew swords. Apparently, Miss Fuller

never forgot this question of her authority, for when she wrote those individual, farewell letters, mentioned with sentimentality in her "Memoirs," this pupil and one other were excluded from this mark of favor. In retrospect, one readily sees, as does the aged pupil, that the strained relations were due to temperamental discord and dimmed in no way the stimulating influence of the teacher.

The second scholar, retaining in her peaceful last years the most tender, worshipful mind image of Margaret Fuller, was privileged to share emotional as well as mental stimulus. To her she seemed "intensely human"; during a noon respite, when violent headache had attacked the teacher, her fortitude and yearnings were indelibly impressed upon the girl's memory. Still in occasional dreams, this pupil will recall the magical "power of expression" which won her early aspiration. Among other recollections, was the popularity of Miss Fuller with President Wayland and other cultured men of the town. "She visited much," as the quaint term runs, and received many social invitations because of her intellectual keenness. One of the festive celebrations enjoyed by the school and its friends was the May-Day at the "grotto," mentioned by Margaret Fuller and described more fully by Mr. Greene. He also cites the song written for the festival of 1838 by Miss Fuller and sung effectively with flute accompaniment. Because of its association with this period of her life, rather than for its poetic merit, I quote a stanza:

So let us bless the sweet May Day,
And pray the coming year
May see us walk the upward way,
Minds earnest, conscience clear.

So cull the blossoms from the bough
Where birds so gaily sing;
We'll wreath them for our Queen's pure brow,
We'll wreath them for our King.

A teacher of such nervous temperament as hers would soon expend her vitality far beyond safe limits.

With high hopes for more rapid improvement and more tangible results that could be seen, fretted by minutiae, anxious for her family, she especially yearned for some wise inspiration such as Emerson and her Cambridge friends alone could bestow. She was "wearied, tossed to and fro, in a state of sickly, unresisting sensitiveness," when she abandoned teaching in August, 1838, and returned to Groton. In spite of such inevitable reaction from overstrained mind and nerves, these years of teaching were vital in the development of her character, and she realized their influence. Facing many new problems and very diverse natures, she had adjusted many of her standards and conquered many of her prejudices. Writing a friend that she "had thought little but learned much," she emphasized the training of the intuitive and sympathetic faculties which this service had accomplished. No one can question that she was often both irritating and irritated in the schoolroom, that she was seldom separated from her "conscious ego," and that her eagerness for love and popularity often defeated its own end. Like all zealous teachers she alternated between hope and gloom and endured many subjective disappointments, but she learned as well lessons of charity, courage, and prudence. After the weeks of recuperation at Groton and the joyous removal of her family to Jamaica Plain, and later to Cambridge, with new insight and sympathy she fulfilled her earlier plans for "Conversations," and found that her view of life and human relations was more tolerant and sane. Friends of this later period, from 1838 to 1844, record less scorn, more tenderness in the woman whose intellect was still intense and insatiable. A private pupil of this time has mentioned in a letter, recently read, the geniality and humility which were yet means of great stimulus. New emphasis, in her words, was laid upon mistakes and misdirected impulses as mere stepping-stones to stronger life. She often illustrated "progress as a waving, fluctuating line." With the distinctive weakness and strength which

commingled to form the totality of her character, there were later expressions of a noble, womanly soul scarcely predicted in her self-centred girlhood. Thus alone can one gain a complete conception of a nature which, in the final analysis, is unique, yet worthy of honor. The passion for intellectualism gave place, in part, to a deeper zeal for service, and in her later years she showed tender interest in women convicts and unfortunates in New York, self-denying care for Italian soldiery, and undaunted heroism in those last fearful hours of shipwreck.

Her life and influence must be studied in the environment of her own decades,

not of ours. No just reader of her "Memoirs" and correspondence can doubt the sincere friendship which was hers with Emerson and his associates of progressive minds who acknowledged her rare mental and moral zeal, even as they deplored her temperamental extremes and defects. Though she may seem to some latter-day critics to have been a mere *poseuse*, her true motives were high and earnest and her scholarly zeal, remarkable among her contemporaries, exerted much permanent influence upon the women of her own and the next generation, for whom the times afforded only limited mental culture.

Mrs. Meynell

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

THERE is a glory of austerity as well as of abundance, and Mrs. Meynell stands among the small but radiant band of those who have taken and kept the vow of passionate restriction. These are they who, by the necessity of their own nature, and not in dreary obedience to any external command of law or duty, have chosen the things that are more excellent, and deliberately move upon a high plane of thought and feeling, because in that they find their proper and only happiness. All that is common and unclean they reject, because their nature revolts from it. Within themselves they possess a rigorous standard which drives them to rejection as passionately as other passions drive other men into excess. Daily they make a great refusal, and their reward is to walk in the twin starlight of young-eyed purity and the tranquil mind. For the refinement of soul, which is their breath of life, can be maintained only by unyielding rejection, and like the author of the "Imitation," who was himself of their company, they take their delight in ever seeking to have less rather than more.

Often they have their reward in a peculiar delicacy of vision. Where others bluster along, purblind with haste or desire, or satiety, they, having won an increased refinement of spirit by devoted abstinence, can perceive a fugitive and unrecorded beauty in the open secrets of every day. Mrs. Meynell has written of rain and wells, and the southwest wind, and the horizon, and the feet and eyelids of mankind with so clear and patient a perception that she has created them anew, much as Ruskin created the Alps. And it is the same with her perception of spiritual nature, too. Other poets have often shown us the pathos of the old, recalling their vanished youth and addressing the self of old days with envy and regretful admiration. Alone, as far as I know, Mrs. Meynell makes youth address with pitiful affection the aged figure that in days to come will be itself. It is in one of her poems called "A Letter from a Girl to her Own Old Age," and it ends with the stanza:

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

The same sympathetic insight, combined with the reserve that loathes burlesque, has enabled her to write on childhood, not only with decency, which is rare, but with dignity, which is unique. With a criticism no less daring than perceptive—for she was the first to point out, for instance, the meanness of the woman characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield"—she sets herself against the depressing immorality of English family life—the common-place, uninspired, and disgusting view in nearly all English art and literature of the relation between man and woman, or between parents and child. In the pictures and jokes of the early Victorian *Punch* (which represented the British spirit even more exactly than the *Ally Sloper* of to-day), and even in the children and family life of Dickens and Thackeray, she reveals a bluntness of feeling, an insensate conception of humor, which is the origin of all vulgarity. She herself is possessed of humor, though never possessed by it, for it is kept very tightly in hand, as a wayward associate of the deeper and finer thought. But to mark very clearly the distinction between her perception of the inner sanctitude of ordinary life and the views held by average English immorality, or dulness, I will quote a few sentences, not from her book on "The Children," which is all one object lesson of the same truth, but from an essay on solitude in "The Spirit of Place."

A newly born child—she says—is so nursed and talked about, handled and jolted, and carried about by aliens, and there is so much importunate service going forward, that a woman is hardly alone long enough to become aware, in recollection, how

her own blood moves separately, beside her, with another rhythm and different pulses. All is commonplace until the doors are closed upon the two. This unique intimacy is a profound retreat, an absolute seclusion. It is more than single solitude; it is a redoubled isolation more remote than mountains, safer than valleys, deeper than forests, and further than mid-sea.

In the very sound of that passage we pass with the closing of the door from the fuss and fidget of nursemaids and relations, into the large tranquillity of nature as it is heard in Mrs. Meynell's characteristic style. There is something monumental about her words, and like "marble's language, Latin, pure, discreet," it might be carved on polished stone. Though it all looks so brief and simple, it is weighty with the past, and, as she says of a child's half-remembered happiness, "it is intricate with allusions." The danger of such a style is obvious, but Mrs. Meynell is nearly always saved from preciosity by the seriousness of her thought—I had almost said by its holiness, for indeed her language, even when most curiously felicitous, does not smell of the lamp; it smells of the censor. But it is best of all when it smells of the open earth, like some little plot of vintage or rigorously tended field upon a corner of the Umbrian hills, in the midst of such a scene as she has drawn in the last stanza of the poem I like best of hers, "The Lady Poverty":

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear
In delicate, spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.



Gladstone's Closing Years

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING

EARLY in the eighties when he lived in Harley Street Mr. Gladstone often walked from his house to Westminster by the way of Regent Street and Pall Mall, and it was on one of these occasions—in the yellow dusk of a wintry afternoon—that I saw him for the first time. Even the few in the crowd who did not know him were arrested by the rare distinction of his appearance, which suggested both power and benevolence. Apparently in the prime of life, though actually beyond it, and with a figure of supple strength and more than common height;—his face pallid but luminous—he bore himself with that dignity and grace which nobles and princes do not always inherit and the leaders of men cannot always acquire. There was in him "a combination and a form indeed to give the world assurance of a man." Other distinguished people might be mistaken for something less than they are,—the late Lord Salisbury, for instance, or Lord Rosebery,—but it was impossible to see Mr. Gladstone, whether one knew him or not, without recognizing in him a man both unusual and paramount. Those among the passers who did not know him gazed and wondered; the others whispered his name, and many of them after passing him once turned in their path and doubled on it for the sake of passing him again.

Soon after this it was my privilege to become acquainted with him personally, and a frequent correspondence between us ensued, leading to occasional visits to Hawarden, which I need not say made red-letter days for me and were looked forward to with no less appreciation than the memory of them justified when they were over.

His urbanity had an Old-World quality of courtliness without the chill of ceremoniousness, and the visitor was quickly made to feel that he was an object of friendly interest and consideration rather than the recipient of honors and privileges, ready as he properly might be to see himself only on that footing.

The life at Hawarden could not have been simpler than it was in Mr. Gladstone's closing years. The house is not one of the great ones—not a "show place" in the sense that Chatsworth, Hatfield, and Eton Hall are, though it was so long the Mecca of British radicals, who all through the summer thronged the Park and spouted Liberal doctrines as copiously as their kettles spouted tea. The absence of superfluity, Mr. Richard Whiteing says, "is negative beauty," and no superfluity was visible at Hawarden, except in the library, which from time to time overflowed into the new hostel for theological students, founded by Mr. Gladstone in the village.

"As long as I kept my books down to twenty thousand I could remember them all, but now"—he touched with his foot a row of them that had been removed from the library of the house to the hostel—"but now, with thirty thousand and more, I find myself getting duplicates."

All things—all persons—in the household were governed by simplicity and precision—so many hours were allowed for work, and so many for play. To the end Mr. Gladstone lived by a time-table, and the days were rare when he made any variation from it. Immediately after luncheon he retired to his library for about an hour, not to work, read, or rest himself, but to humor Mrs. Gladstone while she took her nap, which she could not do when he was absent. The incident speaks for itself, and I mention it for the light it throws on the affection and mutual dependence visible at all times between them.

He was nearing his eighty-eighth year at the time of which I am writing, but even then it was his habit to rise by eight and not retire till eleven or later. Tree-chopping had been forbidden, and his recreations were limited to walks and drives in the afternoon and backgammon (of which he was very fond) after dinner. Here I am

using "recreation" in its conventional sense of amusement. Mr. Gladstone often declared that he had always been able to find recreation in its proper sense by turning from one kind of work to another—that when wearied of politics he could refresh himself by literature, and *vice versa*. He attributed his longevity and health to this versatility by which he could recuperate his energies not by suspending them but by merely diverting them. More remarkable than that, however, was the gift which enabled him to shut out for the night at least all cares of the day, even in the great political crises when the fate of nations depended on his decision. When the day's work was done—and it might be a very long and anxious day—he never carried any remnants of it to bed with him, but drew about him an impenetrable curtain, behind which repose prepared him and fortified him for to-morrow. I believe the ability to compel sleep whenever it was due or desired never failed him.

He was extraordinarily methodical in his work and correspondence, and looked after many details which might well have been delegated to a private secretary. Hundreds of letters from strangers were withheld from him, but he kept matters which were of interest and importance to him in his own hands. All the letters and all the manuscripts—not a few—which I received from him from 1887 to 1898 were holographic—not excepting the post-cards, which he liked for their economy of space, time, and material, using them with an edge of black specially printed on the margin by his own order when he was in mourning. He strongly objected to type-writing on the ground that not only was it more difficult for him to read than any fair hand, but also because it interposed, as he claimed, a mechanical veil between the sender and the receiver of a letter. His amazing precision revealed itself even in matters that another man in a similar position would have slighted. The little that could be crowded on to the face of a post-card was often divided into sections "I," "II.," "III.," and

then subdivided by A, B, C, and so on.

It was through Mr. Gladstone that I was introduced to Cardinal Manning, whom I sought as a contributor to a discussion of Christianity, which the former and Robert G. Ingersoll were already carrying on in the pages of the *North American Review*. The Cardinal was to review both of them, and sum up and adjudicate in the controversy. I was invited to the gloomy Palace at Westminster to meet him, and as much to my surprise as to my satisfaction, he appeared to like the idea as I explained it to him and to be even eager to add his word to what had already been said. I particularly wondered how he would deal with the violent heresies of "the Colonel," and what he would have to say of his life-long friend as defender of the faith. His view of them was what I desired.

A few days later I was again bidden to the Palace and the Cardinal glided—was wafted one might say—into the bare, high-ceiled room, lined with the dusty portraits of dead hierarchs, looking less like a man than a spirit in his emaciation. His tread was noiseless; his eyes glowed like stars under his smooth, white brow, and his fingers were long, pointed, and as sensitive as a woman's. Ascetic as his appearance was, reminding one of mediæval saints (and perhaps inquisitions) his manner had a delightfully human warmth and friendly ease. He had with him a large folio manuscript, written from beginning to end in his own legible and beautiful hand, with scarcely an erasure or an interlineation in it.

"There—there it is," he said, beaming as he handed the manuscript to the expectant editor. "I have given you something better than what you asked for. I have not said a word about Mr. Gladstone!"

I am afraid the editor's countenance fell, for what he had been after was to some extent the *argumentum ad hominem*—something personal as well as controversial.

"And not a word about Mr. Ingersoll," the Cardinal continued with a triumphant air, looking for signs of gratification which may have been dis-

sembled in the editor's face if they did not exist.

"I have not referred to them, nor to what they have said. On the contrary I have let the Church speak for itself. Here it is," and he handed to the editor a learned and eloquent but dogmatic essay under the head of "The Church Its Own Witness," which so far as he was concerned left him entirely uninvolved in the controversy. Great as was the disappointment, in one way his prudence compelled recognition smiling though sad.

Some time afterwards Mr. Gladstone said to me: "I wish I had not written that article on Mr. Ingersoll. I feel as if I had had a tussle with a chimney-sweep. I understand that he has been sent to gaol for sending improper books through the mails."

I hastened to correct him, and to assure him of "the Colonel's" blameless moral character. He listened and with a sweep of emphatic magnanimity which was amusing declared: "Then I shall never say another word about it."

Much was whispered, and hardly less asserted, during his closing years in reference to what was sometimes called his craftiness and sometimes—by those who were friendly—his sagacity. Not a Grand Old Man, but a very shifty, beguiling old man, was the definition of the antagonists who closed around him in captious and jarring factions after the Home Rule schism. He was fully conscious of his own political astuteness, and chuckled as he spoke to me of the extraordinary vogue which carried a chance description of himself as "an old parliamentary hand" around the world.

A delegation of Irish Nationalists once went to Hawarden to ascertain his position in reference to their projects, and after spending a delightful day there they found on reaching Chester on their way back to London that instead of getting him to define himself he had evaded them at every point with a suavity which had quite blinded them while they were in his presence to the circumvention of their purpose.

But practised as he was in diplomacy,

in argument, and in debate—in all the tactics and strategies of politics—it was not difficult to move him and surprise him into flares of passion. He believed in righteous indignation, and when he manifested it there was an impaling fierceness in his eyes and an impetuosity of speech that made a startling contrast to his customary urbanity and self-control. The intensity of his feelings and his convictions extended to many things, even apparent trifles. "He will talk about a bit of old china as if he were pleading before the judgment-seat of God," a friend said of him, and in his endeavor to persuade and convince he exerted much the same compelling charm and solemnity of manner in relation to a fragment of bric-à-brac as in the conversion of a theological or political adversary.

He was capable of rather violent antipathies undoubtedly. Mr. Tolle-mache reports how when he suggested that Mr. Parnell was a pigmy compared with Lord Palmerston Mr. Gladstone replied sharply: "He was nothing of the sort! He had statesmanlike qualities, and I found him a wonderfully good man to do business with, until I discovered him to be a consummate liar."

Nor was Mr. Gladstone less explicit when on a certain occasion I repeated something which one of his former ministerial colleagues had said in reference to a matter of politics—a colleague who had been one of the first to secede from him in the great schism, which led to the formation of the Liberal Unionist party. The statesman referred to had been in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and while there had been one of the most radical and devoted of his coadjutors—he has been one of the most conspicuous members of other cabinets since.

Frowning and with a sudden deepening and hardening of the voice, Mr. Gladstone turned and said: "Does he say that? What does it matter? Can there be ten men left in England who believe anything *he* says?"

There certainly are in England at present a very large number of people who not only believe in the veracity

of the statesman in question, but who acclaim him as the deliverer of their country from the muddles and blunders of its recent policy.

There is no doubt that in the painful moment when Mr. Gladstone found himself forsaken on account of the Home Rule bill and the revolt of some of his oldest friends and partisans that it was a case of "Et tu, Brute!" when he discovered among the rest one who had always been regarded as the most loyal of lieutenants, and this was the man against whom he was so wroth and so candid.

Those were days of disruption and almost inconceivable hate. Many of those who had been staunch Gladstonians—Birmingham Radicals and North Country non-conformists as well as moderate Whigs—found themselves arrayed under Tory banners across the way, and the Duke of Westminster with uncontrollable impatience turned the portrait of his former leader to the wall to begin with and later on turned it out of his house. Probably political feeling never ran higher or more rancorously in England than it did then, and there was an attempt to ostracize Mr. Gladstone not only politically but socially. Men and women of rank and power refused to go to parties at which it was understood he would be present, and could they have had their way and put the clock back a few centuries he would have been marched into the Palace Yard and with as much celerity as possible hanged or beheaded without compunction and without regard to the constitution.

Those were days, too, that gave many opportunities to the editor whose pages—*Tros Tyrinsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*—were open to debate. Foremost in the revolt was the late Duke of Argyll, and the bitterness of his protest was in proportion to the love he had hitherto borne the great leader of the united Liberal party to which they had both belonged and whose responsibilities they had shared. It was not difficult to induce him to write on the matter, for, as is well known, he was not only a man of no less intense feelings than Mr. Glad-

stone himself, but also a facile and industrious writer.

Let me warn Americans of another thing to be kept in mind—wrote his Grace. They must not trust the accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's assertions about the past history of Ireland. All his utterances have been at least one-sided and partisan in character. Very often they have been in absolute defiance of the facts. The same tone of inflated fable about Irish history colors every speech he makes, and if it were possible to say that it represents even an approximation to the truth it would leave us in bewilderment as to how he never discovered all this till he was past seventy-five years of age, and how he, even up to that age, denounced those Irishmen who held similar language as the excuse for their violent and revolutionary remedies. It is vain to go back to Irish history to establish any real connection between the long miseries of the country and the English invasion or the later English colonizations. The Celtic church was as tribal as the Celtic clans. It joined and stimulated all their barbarous intertribal wars, the monastic bodies fought with each other, and slaughtered each other, and wasted each other's lands continually. It is the grossest of all historical delusions that the miseries of Ireland have been due to external causes. They were due to the utter absence of civilizing institutions; and that again was due to the fact that Ireland was never conquered as England was conquered. No race superior in organization ever made itself complete master of the country. In England we are now all proud of the "conquest." It was a great step in our progress. The poorer Irish longed to be admitted to the benefits of English law. But the Celtic chiefs and the half-Celticized Norman lords preferred their own tribal usages, because these gave them more complete power over the people.

I have written this *currente calamo*. But I wish my American friends to understand that it is on principles well understood among them, and which they considered in their own constitution, that so many here are determined to resist and oppose to the uttermost the anarchical attempt to disintegrate the United Kingdom—just as they resisted the attempt to break up the United Republic in the interests of slavery and secession.

No doubt many readers can recall Tenniel's cartoon based on a popular picture of a little terrier, aroused from his sleep by the mention of "rats," the terrier appearing in the caricature with Mr. Gladstone's head instead of its own, and awaking to challenge and alertness the moment "atrocities" are

whispered. "Who said Rats?" is the name of the original: "Who said Atrocities?" the name of the parody. No other portrait of him is so successful in giving that expression of bristling indignation and vehemence; the hawk-like preparedness to swoop; the electrification of muscle and nerve and the imminence of reprisal alarming even before it struck, which appeared when he was unexpectedly stung by an unforeseen adversary.

Thus he looked when I showed him "proofs" of the Duke's article. Would he answer it? I confess that the question was asked with little expectation of an affirmative reply, but to my surprise he consented at once and within a few days his rejoinder was in my hands. A paragraph or two may be quoted to show the temper of it.

Those who wish for arguments on the subject must look elsewhere [than in the Duke's article]. It is best to separate altogether this paper from the personality of its eloquent and distinguished author, and regarding it in the abstract as we regard a proposition of Euclid, to take our measure of it simply as an example of the highest heights and the longest lengths to which assertion can be pushed apart from citation, from reference, from authority, from that examination of either the facts or the literature of the case, to which the writer does not condescend. Of this he becomes sensibly aware towards the close of his paper and he informs the reader accordingly that he has written it *currente calamo*. A truly singular announcement. The *currentes calamus* is an instrument well adapted for the journalist who in the small hours of the night has to render for the morning papers, in a few minutes, the pith or the froth, as the case may be, of the debate scarcely ended, or the telegram just arrived, but surely is less appropriate for a statesman who dates his birth as a Cabinet Minister from forty years back, and who has now been spending many of those years in leisure, and it is a most equivocal compliment to the American nation, which has taken its stand on the side of Ireland through its legislators, its governors, its very highest organs, as well as its countless masses, to suppose it will execute its volti-face at a moment's wavering in obedience to a *currentes calamus*.

And it is a *currentes calamus* indeed; for the article affords no indication that its author has ever reined in the gallop of his pen for a moment to study any book or any speech or pamphlet about Ireland. There is one wonderful exception: the

Duke has been reading, and has cited, Montalembert's "Monks of the West," from which he learns that Ireland had its golden age "some thirteen hundred years ago"; that even then the Celtic church had "incurable vices of constitution," and that there was no law in the country except the English law "in the smaller area of the Pale"—which Pale and which English law had no existence in Ireland until more than six centuries afterwards. Such is the working of the *currentes calamus* when the article accidentally stumbles into the domain of fact.

It should be remembered that at this time Mr. Gladstone was still Prime Minister, and that it was an unprecedented thing for a Prime Minister while in office to discuss his own policy in a public print, more especially in a foreign review. I am sorry to say his doing so exposed him to much criticism from the press of both his opponents and his partisans, but I have mentioned the incident to show his impetuosity and his inability to restrain his rage when he was sufficiently moved. Had it been written by another person the Duke's article would no doubt have gone unnoticed, but coming from so old a friend and colleague it *had* to be answered, and even the traditions of his high position, circumspect and fastidious as his habit was in such matters, were not enough to silence him under the extreme provocation. It is pleasant also to remember that the friendship, lifelong but for this interruption, between him and the Duke was soon afterwards restored, and that the reconciliation was the subject of another of Tenniel's wonderful cartoons.

As Mr. James Bryce has said, one of the strange contrasts which Mr. Gladstone's character presented was his excitability on small occasions and his perfect composure on great ones. He would sometimes, in a debate which has arisen suddenly, say imprudent things owing to the strength of his emotions, and give a dangerous opening to his adversaries, while at another time when the crisis was much more serious he would be perfectly tranquil, and give no sign, either at the decisive moment or afterwards, that he had been holding his feelings in the strictest control and straining all his powers

to go exactly as far as it was safe to go and no farther.

His prejudices were undoubtedly strong and in some instances even insuperable, but I find it hard to believe what an eminent Churchman now dead once said of him to me. "He has always stood between me and preferment. And do you know why? Simply because meeting him once at dinner, I could not agree with him as to some of his opinions of Homer."

Willing to talk about and listen to many subjects with extraordinary inquisitiveness and patience, there were others that it was not safe to mention to him, and an example of this may be quoted here from Mr. Lionel Tolle-mache's "Conversations."

"If the righteous are to be severed from the wicked immediately after death, what need will there be for a Day of Judgment?" Mr. Tollemache asked him. "Would it not be a strange anomaly that the dying thief and Dives should be called upon at the last day to make their defence before the Tribunal of God, if each of them, the former in paradise and the latter in torments, has already learnt by experience what the final sentence on him is to be? Would not the condemned be entitled to say of such a proceeding: 'T is like a trial after execution.'"

"I really cannot answer such questions," Mr. Gladstone replied, with unusual heat. "The Almighty never took me into His confidence as to why there is to be a Day of Judgment."

"I felt that it was impossible to press the matter further," says Mr. Tollemache, and thus in his "Boswellizing" as he properly calls his report, and as these fragments of mine may be called, he records without shirking or shrinking a very characteristic attitude of Mr. Gladstone's. There were several subjects on which it was wise to "not press the matter further."

Enough remained to impress any one admitted to his companionship with the breadth and variety of his interests, though his attitude of deference and patience in seeking knowledge was often embarrassing to a visitor who had every reason to feel that it was more becoming and more profitable to listen than to talk. In the course of a

walk through the garden at Hawarden, or a drive through the Park, or a climb to the top of the gray, ivy-mantled tower, the only fragment of the original castle that remains—in the course of one afternoon—I have heard him speak of such diverse subjects as the responsibilities of wealth, the indifference to which he regarded as the greatest danger confronting the United States; of Samuel Butler, whom he regarded as the best guide through the perplexities of thought and conduct in moral life; of changes in political life in England, which he thought was deteriorating; of changes in the public schools such as Eton and Harrow, which for all their imperfections he considered of incalculable advantage to the national character; of his old friend Tennyson; of his idolized Homer, and of the extravagances of American humor! He carried in his memory a varied stock of examples of the latter, and laughed like a boy over them as he repeated them, especially over the story of the Bostonian who when asked what he thought of Shakespeare, said: "He was a great man. I don't suppose there are more than ten men even in Boston who could have written Shakespeare's works." And over the boastful clerk who when told by the employee of another firm that its correspondence involved an expenditure of five thousand dollars a year for ink, replied: "That's nothing. Last year we stopped dotting our 'i's,' and saved ten thousand dollars by that alone."

He was a very lively companion at the luncheon table in those days, and even Mrs. Gladstone did not escape his banter, though it was touching to see the looks of mutual adoration which passed between them. He was usually far too serious to be epigrammatic, but his criticism of Jane Austen (he read many novels)—"she neither dives nor soars"—was an illustration of the pointed brevity with which he sometimes expressed himself. For all his cheerfulness it was possible to discover some misgivings of the kind old men usually have as to the competence of those who succeed them in power. His detestation of the most prominent poli-

tician in England to-day was undisguised and unqualified—I have already revealed how outspoken it was. He mentioned Lord Salisbury with an expressive shrug, though he had both admiration and affection for Mr. Balfour, and there were others bound to him by old associations and political ties of whom he spoke with obvious toleration and indulgence as well-meaning but dubious apprentices. He protested vehemently against extravagance in national expenditure. "There is only one thing for which I could give them an appropriation," he said, "and that would be an appropriation for the enlargement of Bedlam." He gurgled with laughter as he said this and quickly added, "And I know what they would say: 'And you are the first man we shall put in it.'"

I urged him to write his autobiography, but the proposition had no attractions for him, backed though it

was by the assurance of uncommon pecuniary results. He had resolved to limit his literary activity to the two subjects which had a supreme interest for him—Olympian religion and Butler. But later on when he was in his eighty-eighth year I succeeded in persuading him to give *The Youth's Companion* in his recollections of Hallam—the A. H. Hallam of "In Memoriam"—what at all events was a fragment of autobiography, and that I believe was the last thing (penned, as all his manuscripts were, in his own hand from beginning to end with scarcely an erasure or an interlineation, he ever wrote for publication. Looking back seventy odd years he recalled his school-days with that spiritualized personality in language both pathetic and exalted, which, if no other evidence existed, would illuminate his natural nobility and that enthusiasm for perfection which animated him to the end of his days.

Arthur Symons: An Interpretation

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

TAINÉ'S theory of art was that an artist stood in exact and definite relations to his environment. A poet or a painter is to the spirit of the age in which he lives and works what a picture is to its frame. Besides his immediate and perceptible environment, an artist has other relations not so immediate and perceptible. He is rooted in his nationality, which, in turn, is rooted in race, and the ramifications of race extend to soil, climate, food, and the weathervane's bias. The poet, the painter, the musician, the dramatist, are mirrors in which the age with its peculiar crotchets or the race with all its ancient habits sees itself. Looking at England to-day, a superficial glance at her poets would seem to upset this purely scientific explanation of the appearance of a genius. For how shall we dispose of those antithetical propositions: Arthur Symons and Rudyard Kipling?

That the chasm that separates Symons

and Kipling is abysmal there is no gainsaying. Never before, in all probability, has such a literary phenomenon been observed. Here are two poets, of the same nationality, appealing to substantially the same public, between whom the mental differences are irreconcilable. Their intelligences differ in kind, not in degree. One can no more make a comparison between the authors of "Images of Good and Evil" and "The Seven Seas" than one can compare "The Critique of Pure Reason" to "Alice in Wonderland." Still, both are logical productions of their race and age. Looking below the surface of things, we see that both are borne along on a stream of tendencies which fits in with Taine's theory. The two dominating traits of the Englishman's character are a love of battle and a tendency to saturninity. They are a race of explorers—and they voyage within and without. For this reason he is the best balanced man in

the world. Action and thought go everywhere hand-in-hand. It is Kipling who expresses the materialistic side of his countrymen's nature; his is the spirit that follows the leading of the senses and would voyage without. Symons expresses in its totality the dark, dreamy, pessimistic, sceptical side of this nature; his is the spirit that cries for delivery from the tyranny of his senses, the phantasmality of the world, and would voyage within, hoping to reach a haven of rest whose harbor lights were never seen on sea or land. In "The Dance of the Seven Sins" this aspiration, this plaint, is put into the mouth of the Soul in addressing the Seven Lusts:

Mine eyes
Are heavy with the mockeries
Of your eternal vanities.

Here is the cry of a born renunciant thrust into the maelstrom of nineteenth-century activity. How different to the mettlesome poems in "Barrack-room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas"! One dreams with Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea" in his hand; the other ploughs through the world flourishing above his head the title-page of Darwin's "Origin of Species." The two poets are products of opposing tendencies, the expression of interacting complex forces in a century that never quite knew itself; a century that see-sawed philosophically, and hemmed and hawed artistically.

It is the fashion of the "viriles"—to coin a word—to stigmatize the poetry of Arthur Symons as "decadent" and to class that poet of exquisite sensibilities as a "decadent." What is "decadent" and what is "virile" in literature, art, and life depend upon the point of view merely. "Virility," pushed to its logical conclusion, will beget a decadence of spirit, and in this sense there is a kernel of decay in all virility. To the Idealist practical materialism is a form of decadence, a decline to lower forms. All those who turn away from the illusions, the brutalities, of active life, and seek their aliment within are assailed with opprobrious epithets. The outside world, engaged in its in-

cessant rag-picking, looks with disdain upon the dreamer; when he is not a ninny he is a renegade.

Who is this god of the Occident who is incessantly calling for worshippers, whose prophet to-day in England is Kipling and to-morrow may be some other gascon? What has the world for its incessant labors; what meaning is there in this daily tragedy of which want is the prologue and the grave the epilogue? Act! act! or be damned, cries the world.

Higher and higher rises the fanfare of action in these days. To Do is God and not to have done is to placard oneself a failure. The visible, the tangible, alone are worth the trouble. Poised over chaos, man, horsed upon the sightless couriers of his will, hurtles forth, excoriating the atmosphere with hoarse cries of expectancy. The Promised Land lies just around yon bend. To-morrow must see the fulfilment of To-day! Little does he know that each sweep forward but carries him farther away from his object, and that each act of his but the more completely insures the loss of the thing he is seeking. His Eldorado exists, but it is a state of mind, and cannot be attained by either forward or backward plungings, but lies quiescent in the infinite depths of the spirit.

Beneath the pomp of action the worm of time gnaws ceaselessly; and all additions are but subtractions viewed from the other side. Action takes away as much as it appears to add. I lift a weight with borrowed force, and all I possess of material goods shines with a borrowed light. The less I expend on outward things the more I have within. At the birth of each man the gods ladle into the vessel of his soul his allotted life-force. Shall he keep it at home or let it waste away through the sluices of sense and have it return to him slimed and stagnant?

Throughout all of Symons's poetry there is displayed this hatred of action, this mænadic whirl of things, this avaricious doing. In no single poem is it expressed; rather is it a spirit that pervades all his works. A lofty soul—a

Rossetti, a Swinburne, a Verlaine, a Symons—is born into the world, in an age that is glued to the particular. His eye sweeps the heaven and earth in a single penetrative glance—that glance that alone can dart from the soul of genius. Before its look the wrappings of the material world fall away. The springs of action lay bare to its gaze. These endless futile pacings to and fro in the world of sense appeal for interpretation. Life takes on a mottled appearance; every action is but a death-token, a useless expenditure of force. Where does the individual belong in these endless tides of being? At what point shall the soul debark and in what material stuff shall the mind incarnate itself? There comes a pause. Why debark at all? Why insulate mental activity in space and time? Why quit the real world of spirit for a world of shadows? Who orders him forth to run the gauntlet of life? An instinct which he will renounce; an urge which he will throttle. At this psychologic moment there is born the spirit of egoistic idealism. Thenceforth he will substitute ideas for things, doubting if there be things other than ideas; holding firm to the dream world as the one thing substantial. If he debouch now and again from his cloud-capped towers of thought to survey that world where gew-gaws pass for treasure, it is but to return to his own country more than ever convinced of its beauty. In this spiritual palace the hard-and-fast world gradually transforms itself; the solid and substantial sways and reels and cuts its moorings. The stars, the sun, the mountains are dressed in the colors of the spirit, and Orion rises beneath the scalp. The senses no longer announce to the soul. There is an usurper on the throne of life who thenceforth shall not abdicate. It is now the soul that regards the world in colors of its own. It drenches its objects in color, sound, and passion. Matter is crucified. Life is a diaphanous web.

In Symons's poetry there is that delirious worship of beauty that has been stigmatized as decadent. It is in reality an æsthetic neo-platonism that beholds

beauty as an idea independent of the object in which it is reflected. It is an eternal form hidden in the soul and streams upon the world unclouded, ether-clear. Upon a background of nothingness it paints a gorgeous universe. It lends the odor in the flower, the hues of the sunset, and when the soul it has named as its own dreams of women, it enters the universe of Love, where it laves in ideal passions.

I drank your flesh, and when the soul brimmed up
In that sufficing cup,
Then slowly, steadfastly, I drank
Your soul;
Thus I possessed you whole.

Thus sings Mr. Symons. It is supremely great poetry—the apotheosis of soul and flesh; and only the mentally unwashed can see the base in it. Because of this absolute belief in the reality of the inner life—which is everywhere the dominant note in Symons's poetry; because of this supersensuous view of the real, the smallest personal action is laden with a significance which is not present to the ordinary observer, with his eye for "facts." To behold a beautiful woman is not only to see her with the eyes of sense, but with the eyes of the spirit as well. She dissolves at the fairy touch of thought and runs molten into the spirit, filling the alleys and channels of his mental matrix, and simultaneously lighting up his higher thought, sending forth his soul to brood in melancholy meditation on the decay of beauty and the evanescence of to-day.

The dolorous strain in Symons's poetry is not the cry of anguish that proceeds from the disillusionment of experience. It is not the cry of Job fallen from a high estate, smitten with boils and demanding the revocation of the irrevocable; rather is it the cry of the stoic soul who has realized in thought the agony of the world and has imaginatively drained the goblet of life to its lees of pain; a Leopardi who sits at home and listens to Sorrow and Care sweeping the strings of his soul. He need not walk forth, for he knows intuitively that events will tally with his thought and life but verify his divinations.

What joy is left in all I look upon?
 I cannot sin, it wearies me. Alas!
 I loathe the laggard moments as they pass;
 I tire of all but swift oblivion.

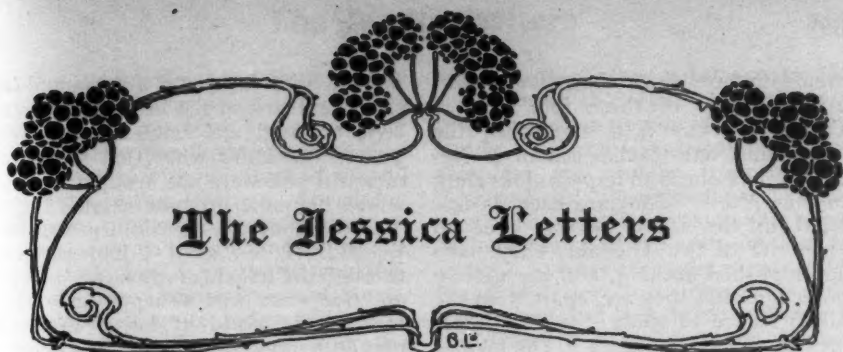
The man of action detests analysis. Full-blooded and booted, he hurls himself at his object and devours it, passing on to sate a new hunger elsewhere. He is an unconscious egotist and his wants are alone the measure of his rights. In the world he has created the ideal melts like wax in the fires of expediency; he constructs moral codes *en passant*. He will neither stop to dissect the basis of his wants nor the justice of his code. To do so would sound the beginning of the end. Conscience would prick and self-complacency become self-objurgation. Of the latter form of self-depreciation Mr. Symonds has given us some remarkable instances. A hatred of his finite personality pervades all his poetry. He dissects himself with knife and scalpel. He has grown to hate his lower instincts, passions, and desires. That he is linked to the vices of race and is the victim of those rending conflicts common to the human being is for him a profound tragedy. His transgressions are magnified and judged impersonally by the higher spirit that dwells within him. From this spiritual Olympus he sees his pettier self caught in the net of evil; his body, willy-nilly, plunged into the stews by lower impulses which the ages have erected into a stratified hierarchy. This duality of being, this vision of the self by the self, is the motive for one of his most beautiful poems, "The Dogs." The "dogs" are the desires that assail him, the baying hounds of the instincts that are forever tugging at the leash of inhibition. These impulses are always upon him, and in spite of his present negation of them he knows intuitively that one day his

soul shall be their meat. He rises in a fine mystic strain, which recalls Rossetti at his best, to a perception of the supersensuous world and cries to his guardian angels to succor him in his battle; his soul, in its transcendental flight, has passed into the upper white lights of spiritual illumination and seeks cleansing at God's very throne; looking down, he sees his desires assembling for a new assault on his soul and he asserts again in closing that they will yet rend his spirit.

My desires are upon me like dogs,
 I beat them back,
 Yet they yelp upon my track;
 And I know that my soul one day shall lie at their
 feet,
 And my soul be these dogs' meat!

Of such is the poetry of dreamy introspection. The man of action oozes life; the dreamer absorbs it. Action but exhibits the profile of the soul; to see the inner self full-length and face to face one must retire to the adytum of the temple. To behold the spirit of life one must live the life of the spirit. On the gloomy background of the panorama of the world the poetic dreamer rises, gaunt in figure, channel-browed, eyes laden with veiled fires. He stands gestureless, and dominates the world through an omnipotent sixth sense. The material universe passes through his brain and is sieved in the process. The human drama is not a drama of things, but a drama of rapidly changing relations, darting, snake-like currents of being on which mosaics of flesh and blood unite and dispart. To stigmatize the poets who possess this wonderful vision as "decadent" is but the shriek of an age that is spiritually impotent, an age that must logically believe Kipling its greatest poet and Clark Russell its greatest novelist.





LETTER I

(Philip to Jessica)

NEW YORK, April 20, 19—.

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

You will permit me to address you with this semblance of familiarity, I trust, for the frankness of our conversation in my office gives me some right to claim you as an acquaintance. And first of all let me tell you that we shall be glad to print your review of "The Kentons," and shall be pleased to send you a long succession of novels for analysis if you can always use the scalpel with such atrocious cunning as in this case. I say atrocious cunning, for really you have treated Mr. Howells with a touch of that genial "process of vivisection" to which it pleases him to subject the lively creatures of his brain.

"Mr. Howells," you say, "is singularly gifted in taking to pieces the spiritual machinery of unimpeachable ladies and gentlemen"; and really you have made of the author one of the good people of his own book! That is a malicious revenge for his "tedious accuracy," is it not? And you dare to speak of his "hypnotic power of illusion which is so essentially a freak element in his mode of expression that even in portraying the tubby, good-natured, elderly gentleman in this story he so refines upon his vitals and sensibilities that the wretched victim becomes a sort of cataleptic." Now that is a "human unfairness" from a critic whom the most ungallant editor would be constrained to call fair!

I forget that I am asked to sit as adviser to you in a question of great

moment. But be assured neither you nor your perplexing query has really slipped from my memory. Often while I sit at my desk in this dingy room with the sodden uproar of Printing House Square besieging my one barricaded window, I recall the eagerness of your appeal to me as to one experienced in these matters: "Can you encourage me to give my life to literature?" Indeed, my fair votaress, there is something that disturbs me in the directness of that question, something ominous in those words, *give my life*. Literature is a despised goddess in these days to receive such devotion.

Naked and poor thou goest, Philosophy,

as Petrarch wrote, and as we may say of Literature. If you ask me whether it will pay you to employ the superfluities of your cleverness in writing reviews and sketches and stories,—why, certainly, do so by all means. I have no fear of your ultimate success in money and in the laughing honors of society. But if you mean literature in any sober sense of the word, God forbid that I should encourage the giving of your young life to such a consuming ideal. Happiness and success in the pursuit of any ideal can only come to one who dwells in a sympathetic atmosphere. Do you think a people that lauds Mr. Spinster as a great novelist and Mr. Perchance as a great critic can have any knowledge of that deity you would follow, or any sympathy for the follower?

It has been my business to know many writers and readers of books. I have in all my experience met just four

men who have given their lives to literature. One of these four lives in Cambridge, one is a hermit in the mountains, one teaches school in Nebraska, and one is an impecunious clerk in New York. They are each as isolated in the world as was ever an anchorite of the Thebaid; they have accomplished nothing, and are utterly unrecognized; they are, apart from the lonely solace of study, the unhappiest men of my acquaintance. The love of literature is a jealous passion, a self-abnegation as distinct from the mere pleasure of clever reading and clever writing as the religion of Pascal was distinct from the decorous worship of Versailles. The solitude of self-acknowledged failure is the sure penalty for pursuing an ideal out of harmony with the life about us. I speak bitterly; I feel as if an apology were due for such earnestness in writing to one who is, after all, practically a stranger to me.

Forgive my naïve zeal; but I remember that you spoke to me on the subject with a note of restrained emotion which flatters me into thinking I may not be misunderstood. And, to seek pardon for this personal tone by an added personality, it distresses me to imagine a life like yours, with which the world must deal bountifully in mere gratitude for the joy it takes from you,—to imagine a life like yours, I say, sacrificed to any such grim Moloch. Write, and win applause for gay cleverness, but do not consider literature seriously. Above all, write me a word to assure me I have not given offence by this very uneditorial outburst of rhetoric.

Sincerely yours,

PHILIP TOWERS.

LETTER II

(Jessica to Philip)

MORNINGTOWN, GEORGIA,

April 27, 19—.

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Since my return home I have thought earnestly of my visit to New York. That was the first time I was ever far beyond the community boundaries of some Methodist church in Georgia. I think I mentioned to you that my father is an itinerant preacher. But

for one brief day I was a small and insignificant part of the life in your great city, unnoted and unclassified. And you cannot know what that sensation means if you were not brought up as a whole big unit in some small village. The sense of irresponsibility was delightful. I felt as if I had escaped through the buckle of my father's creed and for once was a happy maverick soul in the world at large, with no prayer-meeting responsibilities. I could have danced and glorified God on a curbstone, if such a manifestation of heathen spirituality would not have been unseemly.

But the chief event of that sensational day was my visit to you. Of course you cannot know how formidable the literary editor of a great newspaper appears to a friendless young writer. And from our brief correspondence I had already pictured you grim and elderly, with huge black brows bunched together as if your eyes were ready to spring upon me miserable. I even thought of adding a white beard,—you do use long graybeard words sometimes, and naturally I had associated them with your chin. You can imagine, then, my relief as I entered your office, with the last legs of my courage tottering, and beheld you, not in the least ferocious in appearance, and not even *old*! The revulsion from my fears and anxieties was so swift and complete that, you will remember, I gave both hands in salutation, and had I possessed a miraculous third, you should have had that also.

I am so pleased to have you confirm my judgment of Howells's novel; and that I am to have more books for review. I doubt, however, if Mr. Howells will ever reap the benefit of my criticisms, for not long since I had a note from him saying that he never read *The Gazette*. You must already have offended by doubting his literary infallibility.

But on the whole you question the wisdom of my ambition to "give my life to literature." As to that I am inclined to follow Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's opinion: "Writing is like flirting,—if you can't do it, nobody can

teach you; and if you can do it, nobbdy can keep you from doing it." With a certain literary aspirant I know, writing is even more like flirting than that,—an artful folly with literature which will never rise to the dignity of a wedding sacrifice. She could no more give herself seriously to the demands of such a profession than a Southern mocking-bird can take a serious view of music. He makes it quite independently of mind, gets his inspiration from the fairies, steals his notes, and dedicates the whole earth to the sky every morning with a green-tree ballad, utterly frivolous. Such a performance, my dear Mr. Towers, can never be termed a "sacrifice"; rather it is the wings and tail of humor expressed in a song. But who shall say the dear little wag has no vocation because his small feather-soul is expressed by a minuet instead of an anthem?

Therefore do not turn your editorial back upon me because I am incapable of the more earnest sacrifice. Even if I only chirrup a green-tree ballad, I shall need a chorister to aid me in winning those "laughing honors of society." And your supervision is all the more necessary, since, as you say, I live in a section where the literary point of view is more sentimental than accurate. This is accounted for, not by a lack of native wit, but by the fact that we have no scholarship or purely intellectual foundations. We are romanticists, but not students in life or art. We make no great distinctions between ideality and reality because with us existence itself is one long cheerful delusion. Now, while I suffer from these limitations more or less, my ignorance is not invincible, and I could learn much by disagreeing with you! Your letters would be antidotal, and thus, by a sort of mental allopathy, beneficial.

Sincerely,

JESSICA DOANE.

LETTER III

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

There can be no doubt of it. Your reply, which I should have acknowl-

edged sooner, gives substance to the self-reproach that came to me the moment my letter to you was out of my hands. All my friends complain that they can get nothing from me but "journalistic correspondence"; and now when once I lay aside the hurry and constraint of the editorial desk to respond to what seemed a personal demand in a new acquaintance, I quite lose myself and launch out into a lyrical disquisition which really applies more to my own experience than to yours. Will you not overlook this fault of egotism? Indeed I cannot quite promise that, if you receive many letters from me in the course of your reviewing, you may not have to make allowances more than once for a note of acrid personality, or egotism, if you please, welling up through the decorum of my editorial advisings. "If we shut nature out of the door, she will come in at the window," is an old saying, and it holds good of newspaper doors and windows, as you see.

But really, what I had in mind, or should have had in mind, was not the vague question whether you should "sacrifice your life to literature,"—that question you very properly answered in a tone of bantering sarcasm; but whether you should sacrifice your present manner of life to come and seek your fortune in this "literary metropolis"—Heaven save the mark! Let me say flatly, if I have not already said it, there is no literature in New York. There are millions of books manufactured here, and millions of them sold; but of literature the city has no sense—or has indeed only contempt. Some day I may try to explain what I mean by this sharp distinction between the making of books, or even the love of books, and the genuine aspiration of literature. The distinction is as real to my mind—has proved as lamentably real in my actual experience—as that conceived in the Middle Ages between the life of a *religiosus*, Thomas à Kempis, let us say, and of a faithful man of the world. But this is a mystery, and I will not trouble you with mysteries or personal experiences. You would write as your Southern

mockingbird sings his "green-tree ballad"; the thought of that bird mewed in a city cage and taught to perform by rote and not for spontaneous joy, troubled me not a little. I am sending you by express several books . . . *

LETTER IV

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

I have said such harsh things about our present-day makers of books that I am going to send you, by way of palliative, a couple of volumes by living writers who really have some notion of literature. One is Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters," and the other is Santayana's "Poetry and Religion." If they give you as much pleasure as they have given me, I know I shall win your gratitude, which I much desire. It is a little disheartening and a justification of my pessimism that neither of these men has received anything like the same general recognition as our fluent Mr. Perchance, that interpreter of literature to the American *bourgeoisie*. I will slip in also a volume or two of Matthew Arnold, as a good touchstone to try them on. Now that you are becoming a professional weigher of books yourself, you ought to be acquainted with these gentlemen.

LETTER V

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Do not reproach yourself for having written me a "journalistic" letter. I always think of an editor as having only ink-bottle insides, ever ready to turn winged fancies into printed matter, or to enter upon a "lyrical disquisition" concerning them. Your distinction consists in a disposition to abandon the formalities of the editorial desk that you may "respond to the personal demands of a new acquaintance." And this humane amiability leads me to make a naïve confession. There are some people whose demands

* Much of the routine matter in regard to reviewing has been omitted from these letters.

are always personal. I think it is their limitation, resulting from a state of naturalness more or less primitive, out of which they have not yet evolved. They do not appeal to your judgment or wisdom or even to your sympathy, but to *you*. Their very spirits are composed of a sort of sunflower dust that settles everywhere. And if they have what we term the higher life at all, it is expressed by a woodland call to some tree-top spirit in you. Thus, here am I, really desirous of an abstract, artistic training of the mind, already taking liberties with the sacred corners of your editorial dignity by impressing *personal* demands.

And just so am I related to the whole of life,—even to the "publicans" in my father's congregation. Indeed, if the desire to "eat with sinners" insured salvation, there would be less cause for alarm about my miraculous future state. The attraction, you understand, depends not upon the fact of their being sinners, but upon the sincerity of their mortality. The more unassumingly these reprobates live in their share of the common flesh, far below spiritual pretences, the more does my wayward mind tip the scales of unregenerate humor in their direction. My instincts hobnob with their dust. But do not infer that I have identified you with these undisciplined characters. When I was a child, out of the rancor of a well-tutored Southern imagination I honestly believed that every man the other side of Mason and Dixon's line had a blue complexion, thin legs, and a long tail. And once when I was still very young, as I hurried from school through a lonely wood, I actually *saw* one of these monsters quite plainly. And I thought I noticed that his tail was slightly forked at the end! I have long since forgiven you these terrifying caudal appendages, of course, but, for all that, I keep a wary eye upon my heavenly bodies and at least one wing stretched even unto this day when my guardian angel introduces a Northern man. My patriotic instincts recommend at once the wisdom of strategy. And it is well the "personal demands" come from me to you; for, had the

direction been reversed, by this time I should have sought refuge somewhere in my last ditch and run up a little tattered flag of rebellion to signify the state of my mind.

It is just as well that you advise me against trying my fortunes in your "literary metropolis." My father is set with all his scriptures against the idea. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to eternal life"; and, having predestined me for a deaconess in his church, he is firmly convinced that the strait and narrow way for me does not lie in the direction of New York. However, I have already whispered to my confidential hole-in-the-ground that nothing but the extremity of old-maid desperation will ever induce me to accept the vocation of a deaconess. Thus do a man's children play hide and seek with the beam in his eye while he practises upon the mote in theirs! But if, some day when the heavens are doubtful between sun and rain, you espy a little ruffled rain-bow, propelled by a goose-quill pen, coquetting northward with the retiring clouds, know that 't is the spirit of Jessica Doane arched for another outing in your literary regions.

Meanwhile you amaze me with the charge that "of literature the city has no sense, or indeed only contempt," and I await the promised explanation with interest. For my own part, I often wonder if there will remain any opportunities for literary intelligence to expand at all when the happy(?) faculty of man's ingenuity has devastated all nature's countenance and resources with "improvements," cut down all the trees to make houses of, and turned all the green waterways into horse-power for machinery. Then we shall have cotton-mill epics, phonograph elegies from the tops of tall buildings; and then ragtime music, which interprets that divine art only for vulgar heels and toes, will take the place of anthems and great operas.

The books have come, and among them is another lady's literary effort to make a garden, "Judith" it is this time, following hard upon the sunburned heels of "Elizabeth," "Evelina," and I

do not know how many more hairpin gardeners. Why does not some man with a real spade and hoe give his experiences in a sure-enough garden? I am wearied of these little freckled-beauty diggers who use the same vocabulary to describe roses and lilies that they do in discussing evening toilets and millinery creations.

LETTER VI

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

We have had a visitor, Professor M——, the doctor of English literature in E—— College, which you will remember is not very far from Morningtown. He came to examine a few first editions father has of some old English classics—(I have neglected to tell you that this is father's one carnal indulgence, dead books printed in funny hunchbacked type!). He is a young man, but so bewhiskered that his face suggests a hermit intelligence staring at life through his own wilderness. His voice is pitched to a Browning tenor tone, and I have good reasons for believing that he is a bachelor.

Still we had some talk together, and that is how I came to practise a deceit upon you. Seeing a copy of *The Gazette* lying on the table this morning, Professor M—— was reminded to say that there was a "strong man," Philip Towers by name, connected with that paper now. I cocked my head at once like a starling listening to a new tune, for that was the first time I had heard your name praised by a literary man in the South. He went on to say that he had been delighted with your last book, "Milton and His Generation," and asked if I had observed your work in the literary department of *The Gazette*. I admitted demurely that I had. He praised several reviews (all written by me!) particularly, and said that you were the only critic in America now who was telling the truth about modern fiction. Then he incensed me with this final comment:

"I do not understand how he does this newspaper work so forcefully, almost savagely, and is at the same

time capable of writing such delicate, scholarly essays as this volume contains!"

"I have seen Mr. Towers," I remarked, mentally determining that you should suffer for that distinction.

"Indeed! what manner of man is he?"

"His dust has congealed, stiffened into a sort of plaster-of-Paris exterior, and he has what I call a *disinterred* intelligence!"

"A what?"

"A man whose very personality is a kind of mental reservation, and whose intelligence has been resurrected up through the thought and philosophy of three thousand years."

M—— looked awkward but impressed. And I hoped he would ask how you actually looked, for I was in the mood to give a perfectly God-fearing description of you.

But from the foregoing you will see that I am capable of sharing your literary glory on the sly, and without compunction. Indeed, the false rôle created in me a perverse mood. And I entered into a literary discussion with M—— that outraged his pedantic soul. It was my way of perjuring his judgment, in return for his unwitting approval of my reviews. Besides, the assumption of infallibility by dull, scholarly men who have neither imagination nor genius has always amused me. And this one danced now as frantically as if he had unintentionally grasped a live wire that hurt and burned, but would not let go! Finally I said very engagingly:

"Doctor M——, I hope to improve in these matters by taking a course of instruction under you next year."

"Now God forbid that you should ever do such a thing, Miss Doane! I would sooner have you thrust dynamite under the chair of English Literature, than see you in one of my classes!"

Thus am I cast upon the barren primer commons of this cold world! And that reminds me to say that I have been reading the essays by Arnold and Brownell which you gave me, with no little animosity. Brownell's criticism of Thackeray is very suggestive,

and brushes away a deal of trash that has been written about his lack of artistic method. But I never supposed such loose sentences would be characteristic of so acute a critic. They do not stick together naturally, but merely logically. And I am sure you would not tolerate them from me. But of all the books you have given me I like best George Santayana's "Poetry and Religion." Who is he, anyhow? It may be a disgraceful admission to make, but I never heard of him before. His name is foreign, and his style is not American. For when an American says a daring thing, particularly of religion, he says it impudently, with a vulgar bravado. But this man writes out his opinion coolly, simply, with that fine hauteur that will not condescend to know of opposition. I think that is admirable. Arnold's courtesy and satirical temperance in dealing with what he discredits is a pose by the side of this man's mental grace and courage. And you know how we usually denominate style: it is the little lace-frilled petticoat of the lady novelist's mincing passions, or the breeches that belong to a male author's mental respirations. But with this man, style is a spirit sword which cleaves between delusions and facts, which separates religion from reality and establishes it in our upper consciousness of ideality.

Is it not absurd for such a barbarian as I am to discuss these gospel-makers of literature with you? But it is much more remarkable that one or any of them should excite my admiration and respect. Really, if you must know it, Mr. Towers, this is where I grow humble-minded in your presence. I am fascinated with your ability to deal with the usually indefinable, the esoteric side of art,—the esoteric side of life by interpretation. And here I discover a shadowy, ghostly likeness between you and this George Santayana. You do not think toward the same ends, or write in the same style, but you *know* things alike, as if you had both drunk from the same Eastern fountain of mysteries.

And now I am about to change my gratitude into indignation. For I be-

gin to suspect that you sent me these books to inculcate the doctrine of literary humility. If so, you have succeeded beyond your highest expectations. Until now, writing has been a series of desperate experiments with me. I progressed by inspiration. But these fellows—Arnold, especially—discredit all such performances. And he does it with the air of an English gentleman inspecting a naked cannibal. He makes my flesh creep! He regards an inspiration as a sort of vulgarity that must be dressed and stretched before it can be used. From his point of view I infer that he considers genius as a dangerous kind of drunkenness that fascinates the world, but is really closely related to bad form in literature. On the other hand, father says that if Matthew Arnold had known of me he would have purchased me, placed me in a cage with a fountain pen, and exhibited me to his classes at Oxford as a literary freak!

LETTER VII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

I will remember your amused hostility to "hairpin gardeners" and see that no more out-of-door books come to you until I have one with a stimulating odor of burning cornstalks and rotting cabbages. Meanwhile let me assure you that your reviews of "Elizabeth," "Evelina," "Judith," and their sisters have been none the less delightful for a vein of wicked impatience running through them. The books I am now sending . . .

You ought not to be amazed at my dismal comments on latter-day literature. The fact is, you have dissected our present book-makers better than I could do it myself, for the reason that I am too amiable (I presume, you see, that I have the wit) to judge my fellow-workers with such merciless veracity.

But I have just read an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* which throws an unexpected light on the subject. The paper is by Dr. Minot and is a biologist's comment on "The Problem of Consciousness." You might not

suppose that an argument to show how "the function of consciousness is to dislocate in time the reactions from sensations" (!) would have much to do with the properties of literature, but it has. Let me copy out some of his words, as probably you have not seen the magazine:

The communication between individuals is especially characteristic of vertebrates, and in the higher members of that subkingdom it plays a very great rôle in aiding the work of consciousness. In man, owing to articulate speech, the factor of communication has acquired a maximum importance. The value of language, our principal medium of communication, lies in its aiding the adjustment of the individual and the race to external reality. Human evolution is the continuation of animal evolution, and in both the dominant factor has been the increase of the resources available for consciousness.

Now that sounds pretty well for a scientist. It should seem to follow that literature, being, so to speak, the permanent mode of communication,—conveying ideas and emotions not merely from man to man, but from generation to generation,—is the predominant means by which this development of consciousness is attained. It is a pretty support we derive from the enemy. But mark the serpent in the grass—"the adjustment of the individual and the race to external reality." The real aim of evolution is purely external, the adjustment of man to environment; consciousness has value in so far as it promotes this adjustment. Flatly, to me this is pure nonsense, a putting of the cart before the horse, a vulgar *hysteron-proteron*, none the less execrable because it is the working principle not of a single man, but of the whole of society to-day. Consciousness, I hold, is the supremely valuable thing, and progress, evolution, civilization, etc., are only significant in so far as they afford nourishment to it. Literature is the self-sufficient fruit of this consciousness, I say; the world says it is a mere means of promoting our physical adjustment. You see I take up lightly the huge enmity of the world.

This is wild stuff to put into a jour-

nalistic letter, no doubt. If I were writing a treatise I would undertake to show that this difference of view in regard to consciousness and physical adjustment is the oldest and most serious debate of human intelligence. Saint Catharine, Thomas à Kempis, and all those religious fanatics who counted the world well lost, made a god of consciousness and thought very little of physical adjustment. The debate in their day was an equal one. To-day it is all on one side—and *vae victis!* I cry out—why should I not?—as one of the conquered, and I am charitable enough to advise another not to enter the combat. It is a poor consolation to wrap yourself in your virtue, mount a little pedestal, set your hand on your heart, and spout with Lucan: *The winning cause for the gods, but the vanquished for me!* Sometimes we begin to wonder whether, after all, the world may not be right, and at that moment the wind begins to blow pretty chill through our virtue.

LETTER VIII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

Is my suspicion right? Was my last letter to you really a tangle of crude ideas? That has grown to be my way, until I begin to wonder whether the horrid noises of Park Row may not have thrown my mind a little out of balance. For my strength lay in silence and solitude. It is hard for me to establish any sufficient bond between my intellectual life and my personal relationships, and as a consequence my letters, when they cease to be mere journalistic memoranda, float out into a sea of unrestrained revery—I throw my thoughts "into the Cretan sea to be borne away by the insolent winds."

Yet I would ask you to be patient with me in this matter. From the first, even before I saw you here in New York, I felt that somehow you might, by mere patience and indulgence, if you would, re-establish the lost bond in my life; that somehow the shadow of your personality was fitted

to move among the shadows of my intellectual world. What a strange compliment to send a young woman!—for compliment it seems in my eyes. Meanwhile, as some explanation of this intellectual twilight into which I would so generously introduce you, let me copy out a few verses I wrote last night and the night before. It is my first digression into poetry since I was a boy:

THE THREE COMMANDS

I

Out of this meadow-land of teen and dole,
Because my heart had harbored in its cell
One prophet's word, an Angel bore my soul
Through starry ways to God's high citadel.

There in the shadow of a thousand domes
I walked, beyond the echo of earth's noise;
While down the streets between the happy homes
Only the murmur passed of infinite joys.

Then said my soul: "O fair-engirdled Guide!
Show me the mansion where I, too, may won:
Here in forgetful peace I would abide,
And barter earth for God's sweet benison."

"Nay," he replied, "not thine the life Elysian;
Live thou the world's life, holding yet thy vision
A hope and memory, till thy course be run."

II

Then said my soul: "I faint and seek my rest;
The glory of the vision veils mine eyes;
These infinite murmurs beating at my breast
Turn earthly music into plangent sighs.

"Because thou biddest, I will tread the maze
With men my brothers, yet my hands withhold
From building at the Babel towers they raise,
And all my life within my heart infold."

The Angel answered: "Lo, as in a dream
Thy feet have passed beyond the gates of flame;
And evermore the toils of men must seem
But wasteful folly in a path of shame.

"Yet I command thee, and vouchsafe no reason,
Thou shalt endure the world's work for a season;
Work thou, and leave to others fame and blame."

III

I bowed submission, dumb a little while.
Then said my soul: "Thy will I dare not balk;
I reach my hands to labors that defile,
And help to rear a plant of barren stalk.

"Yet only I, because in life I bear
The vision of that peace, may never feel

The spur of keen ambition, never share
The dread of loss that makes the world's work real.

"Therefore in scorn I draw my bitter breath,
And sorrow cherish as my proudest right,
Till scorn and sorrow fade in sweeter death."

The Angel answered, turning as for flight:

"The labor sorrow-done is more than sterile,
And scorn will change thy vision to soul's peril:
Be glad; thy work is gladness, child of light!"

LETTER IX

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

So far from finding your letter commenting upon the "problem of consciousness" a tangle of crude ideas, it even proved suggestive after I had read the article in question. And following your line of thought, I wondered if it could have been some violent death-rate among our own species that has produced that desperate phenomenon, the literary consciousness of the historical novelists I have been reviewing for you. And, come to think of it, I do not know any other class of people whose problem of consciousness could be so readily reduced to a "bionomical" platitude. They all write for the same slaying purpose. Did you ever observe how few of their characters survive the ordeals of art? Usually it is the long-lost heroine, and the hero, "wounded unto death" however, and one has the impression that even these would not have lived so long but for the necessity of the final page.

But I must not fail to tell you of a dramatic episode in connection with my first venture into the realm of biological thought. *The Popular Science Monthly* has long been proscribed at the parsonage on account of its heretical tendencies. And my purpose was to keep a profound secret the fact that I had purchased the copy containing Minot's article. But some demon prompted me to inquire of my father the meaning of the term "epiphenomenon." Now a long association with the idea of omniscience has rendered him wiser in consciousness than in fact, which is a joke the imagination

often plays upon serious people. But he could neither give a definition nor find the word in his ancient Webster. This dictionary is his only unquestioned authority outside the Holy Scriptures, and he declines to accept any word not vouched for by this venerable authority. Therefore he reasoned that "epiphenomenon" had been built up to accommodate some modern theory of thought, some new leprosy of the mind never dreamed of by the noble lexicographer. And so, fixing me with a pair of accusing glasses, he inquired:

"My daughter, where did you see this remarkable word?"

I do not question that I am a direct descendant from my fictitious grandmother, Eve! I am always being tempted by apples of information, and I have often known the mortifying sensation of wishing to hide my guilty countenance in my more modern petticoat on that account.

He read the "blasphemous" article through, only pausing to point out heresies and perversions of the sacred truth as he went along. But when he reached the sentence in which the author calmly asserts the theory of monism, he actually gagged with indignation: "My child, do you know that this Godless wretch claims that the same principle of life which makes the cabbage also vitalizes man?" I looked horrified, but I could barely restrain my laughter; for, indeed, there are "flat-dutch"-headed gentlemen in his congregation who might as well have come up on the end of a cabbage stalk for all the thinking they do. But I need not tell you that the magazine containing the profane treatise on consciousness was burned, while a livid picture was drawn of my own future if I persisted in stealing forbidden fruit from this particular tree of knowledge.

But your last letter put me into a more serious frame of mind. And I am complimented that you entertain the hope that I may be of assistance in re-establishing the "lost bond" between you and real life. But do you know that you have appealed to the missionary instincts of a barbarian?

The attributes of patience and indulgence do not belong to natures like mine. Never has any affliction worked out patience in me, never has my strongest affection taken the form of indulgence. In me Love and Friendship, Sorrow and Gladness, take fiercer forms of expression.

But I will not conceal from you the fact that from the first I have felt in our relationship a curious sensation of magic in one opposed to mystery in the other. I have felt the abandon and madness of a happy dancer, whirling around the dim edge of your shadow-land in the wild expectation of beholding the disembodied spirit of you come forth to join me. It is not that I *wished* to work a charm, but the shadow of your mysterious life draws me into the opposition of a counter-influence. The gift of power is not in me to set foot across the magic line into the dim land of your soul, any more than I could dissolve into a breath of sunlit air, or a wave of the sea. For, in you, I seem to perceive some strange phenomenon of a spirit changed to twilight gloom which covers all your hills and valleys with the mournful shadow of approaching night. Often this conception appalls me, but more frequently I conceive a wild energy from the idea, as of one sent to rim the shadows in close and closer till some star shall shine down and bless them into heroic form and substance. And I have been amazed to find within my mind a witch's charm for working rainbow miracles upon your dim sky,—but so it is. There have always been mad moments in my life when I have felt all-powerful, as if I had got hold of the ribbon ends of an incantation! This is another one of my limitations at which you must not laugh. For a juggler must be taken seriously, or he juggles in vain; he must have an opportunity to create the necessary illusion in you to insure the success of his performance. Meanwhile, I go to make the circle of my dance smaller; who knows but to-morrow I may be a snow bunting on your tall cliffs, or a little homeless wren seeking shelter in your valley.

LETTER X

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

So I am a disembodied ghost in your estimation, and you, "happy dancer," are whirling around the rim of my shadow-land with some sweet incantation learned in your Georgia woods to conjure me out into the visible world. Really I would call that a delicious bit of impertinence were I not afraid the word might be taken in the wrong sense.

And yet, I must confess it, there is too much truth in what you say. Some day, when I am bolder, I may unfold to you the whole story of my ruin—for it is a ruin to be disembodied, is it not? I may even indicate the single phrase, the mysterious word of all mysteries, that might evoke the spirit from the past and incarnate him in the living present. Do not try to guess the phrase, I beseech you, for it would frighten you now and so I should lose my one chance of reincarnation. When I visit you in the South, some day soon, I will tell you the magic word I have learned.

What hocus-pocus I must seem to be talking, as if there were some cheap tragedy in my life. Indeed there is nothing of the sort. I have lived as tamely as a house-cat, my only escapade having been an innocent attempt at playing Timon for a couple of years. The drama of my life has been a mere battling with shadows. Your relation of the effect produced in your home by Dr. Minot's heresies carries me back to the first act in that shadow fight, for I too was brought up by the strictest of parents, and, indeed, was myself, as a boy, a veritable prodigy of piety. What would you think of me as a preacher expounding the gospel over a piano-stool for pulpit to a rapt congregation of three? I could show you a sermon of that precocious Mr. Pound-text in the New York *Observer* when he was as much as nine years old—and the sermon might be worse.

I can recall these facts readily enough; but the battle of doubt and faith that I passed through a few years

later I can no more realize than I can now realize your father's blessed assurance of heaven. I know vaguely that it was a time of unspeakable agony for me, a rending asunder, as it were, of soul and body. The doctrine was bred into my bones; I saw the folly of it intellectually, but the emotional comfort of it was the very quintessence of my life. The struggle came upon me alone and I was without help or guidance. Into those few years of boyish vacillation I see now that the whole tragedy of more than a century of human experience was thrust. One day I sat in church listening to a sermon of appealing eloquence: "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Was I too deliberately turning my back on the light? I hid my face and cried. That was the end. I came out of the church free, but I had suffered too much. Something went out of my life that day which nothing can replace; for perfect faith, like love, comes to a man but once.

I was empty of comfort and without resting-place for my spirit. Then said I: Look you, belief in this religion as dogma is gone; why not hold fast to its imaginative beauty! If revelation is a fraud, at least the intricacies of this catholic faith have grown up from the long yearning of the human heart, and possess this inner reality of corresponding with our spiritual needs. And for several years I wrought at Christian symbolism, trying to build up for my soul a home of poetical faith so to speak. But in the end this could not satisfy me; I knew that I was cherishing a sham, a pretty make-believe after the manner of children. Better the blindness of true religion than this illusion of the imagination. And I was now a grown man.

Then by some inner guidance I turned to India. How shall I tell you what I found in the philosophies of that land! One thing will surprise you. Instead of pessimism I found in India during a certain period of time a

happiness, an exultation of happiness, such as the world to-day cannot even imagine. And I found that this happiness sprang from no pretended revelation but from a profound understanding of the heart. Do this, said the books, and you will feel thus, and so step by step to the consummation of ecstasy. I read and was amazed; I understood and knew that I too, if my will were strong, might slip from bondage and be blessed. But I saw further that the path lay away from this world, that I must renounce every desire which I had learned to call good, that I must strip my soul naked of all this civilization which we have woven in a loom of three thousand years. The dying command of Buddha terrified me: "All things pass away; work out your own salvation diligently!" The words were spoken to comfort and strengthen the bereaved disciples, but to me they sounded as an imprecation, so different is the training of our society from theirs. The loneliness and austerity of the command appalled me; I would not take the first step, and turned back to seek the beautiful things of the eye.

And now at last I am caught up in the illusion of a new Western ideal—not Christianity, for that has passed away, strange as such a statement may sound to you in your orthodox home, but yet a legacy of Christ. Thou shalt love God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself, was the law of Christianity. We have forgotten God and the responsibility of the individual soul to its own divinity; we have made a fetish of our neighbor's earthly welfare. We are not Christians but humanitarians, followers of a maimed and materialistic faith. This is the ideal of the world to-day, and from it I see but one door of escape—and none but a strong man shall open that door.

Alas, you who venture to trip so gayly about the rim of my shadow-land with your brave incantations, behold what spirit of gloom and malignant mutterings you have evoked from the night. I have written more than I meant—too much, I fear,

LETTER XI

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

An evangelist has been here this week. He fell upon us like a howling dervish who had fed fanaticisms on locusts and wild honey. And he has stirred up the spiritual dust of this community by showing an intimacy with God's plans in regard to us very disconcerting to credulously minded sinners. As for me, I have passed this primer-state of religious emotion. I am sure a kind God made me, and so I belong to Him, good or bad. In any case I cannot change the whole spiritual economy of Heaven with my poor prayers and confessions. I try to think of my shortcomings, therefore, as merely the incidents of an eternal growth. I shall outlive them all in the course of time, quite naturally, perennially, as the trees outlive the blight of winter and put forth each year a new greenness of aspiring leaves. I dare not say that I know God, and I will not believe some doctrines taught concerning Him; but I keep within the principle of life and follow as best I can the natural order of things. And for the most part I feel as logically related to the divine order as the flowers are to the seasons. I know that if this really is His world,

should the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way.

Are you shocked, dear Shadow, at such a creed of sun and dust?—you, a dishoused soul, wandering like a vagrant ghost along life's green edge? After all, I doubt if I am so far behind you in spiritual experience. The difference is, I have two heavens, that orthodox one of my imagination, and this real heaven-earth of which I am so nearly a part. But you have forced the doors of mystery and escaped before your time. And you can never return to the old dust-and-daisy communion with nature, yet you are appalled at the loneliness and the terrible sacrifices made by a man in your situation. Your spiritual ambition has outstripped your courage. You are

an adventurer, rather than an earnest pilgrim to Mecca.

And yet day after day as I have weathered farther and farther back in the church, like a little white boat with all my sails reefed to meet the gospel storm of damnation that has been raging from the pulpit, I have thought of you and your Indian philosophy, by way of contrast, almost as a haven of refuge. Our religion seems to me to have almost the limitations of personality. There can be no other disciples but Christian disciples. Our ethics are bounded by doctrines and dogmas. But, whether Buddhist or Christian, the final test of initiation is always the same—"All things pass away, work out your own salvation with diligence," "Die to the world," "Present your bodies a living sacrifice"—and you would not make these final renunciations. You "turned back to seek the beautiful things of the eye." Well, if one is only wise enough to know what the really beautiful things are, it is as good a way as any to spin up to God. Meanwhile, I doubt if that "Western ideal," the kind-hearted naturalism which "makes a fetish of our neighbor's welfare," will hold you long. Already you "see one door" of escape. I wonder into what starry desert of heaven it leads.

Do you know, I cannot rid myself of the notion that yours is an enchanted spirit, always seeking doors of escape; but at the moment of exit the wild wings that might have borne you out fail. Some earth spell casts you back, incarnate once more. A little duodecimal of fairy love divides the desires of your heart and draws one wing down. "The beautiful things of the eye," that is your little personal footnote, O stranger, which clings like a sweet prophecy to all your asceticism and philosophy. And prophecies cannot be evaded. They must be fulfilled. They are predestined sentences which shape our doom, quite independently of our prayers I sometimes think,—like the lily that determined to be a reed, and wished itself tall enough, only to be crowned at last with a white flag of blooms.

And do not expect me to pray you through these open ways of escape. I only watch them to wish you may never win through. Something has changed me and set my heart to a new tune. I must have already made my escape, but it seems to me that I am on the point of becoming immortal. As I pass along the world, I am Joy tapping the earth with happy heels. I am gifted all at once with I do not know what magic, so that all my days are changed to heaven. And almost I could start a resurrection of "beautiful things" only to see you so glad. But that will never be. There are always your wings to be reckoned with; and with them you are ever ready to answer the voices you hear calling you from the night heavens, from the temples and tombs of the East.

Yesterday I saw a woman sitting far back in the shadows of the church wearing such a look of sadness that she frightened me. It was not goodness but sorrow that had spiritualized her face. And to me she seemed a wan prisoner looking through the windows of her cell, despairing, like one who already knows his death sentence. "What if after all I am mistaken," I thought, "and there really is occasion

for such grief as that!" I could think of nothing but that white mystery of sorrow piercing the gloom with mournful eyes. And when at last the "penitents" came crowding the altar with quaking cowardly knees, I fell upon mine and prayed: "Dear Lord, I am Thine, I will be good! Only take not from me the joy of living here in the green valleys of this present world!" Was such a prayer more selfish than the sobbing petitions of the penitents there about the church-rail, asking for heavenly peace? I have peace already, the ancient peace of the forests as sweet as the breath of God. I ask for no more.

You see, dear "Spirit of gloom," that I have sent you all my little scriptures in return for your "malignant mutterings." My God is a pastoral Divinity, while yours is a terrible Mystery, hidden behind systems of philosophy, vanishing before Eastern mysticism into an insensate Nirvana, revealing ways of escape too awful to contemplate. I could not survive the thoughts of such a God for my own. I am *His* heathen. By the way, did you ever think what an unmanageable estate that is,— "And I will give you the heathen for your inheritance"?





Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

It is evident that what Arthur Bing-ham Walkley, George Bernard Shaw, and William Archer do not know about "the play" is not worth knowing. These are the wirepullers of dramatic criticism, and they stick to each other closer than brothers. If one opens a book by Walkley one is bound to find allusions to "the brilliant Shaw." If one opens a work by Shaw one finds "an Epistle Dedicatory," in eleven thousand words, to Walkley. And Archer is, of course, in no way behind in allusions to "our friends Shaw and Walkley." The public believes that Walkley, Shaw, and Archer are all people with grievances, and so they are. Walkley's grievance is the existence of H. Arthur Jones, Arthur Bouchier, and probably others bearing the same Christian name as himself. He will contend with the lot. Bernard Shaw's grievance is that there is not enough "Life Force" (as he calls it) to go around. He wants every one to be a King of men. He little knows how good a thing it is for him that so little cleverness exists. William Archer's grievance is that our actresses are all too good-looking. His new occupation for maiden aunts would be to put them on the stage. Bernard Shaw has just issued a volume entitled "Man and Superman," and it is really very kind of him to issue so amusing a book during a season when there is so little being published that *The Times* literary supplement has had to be reduced to four pages. It would appear that Mr. Walkley once suggested to Mr. Shaw that the latter should write a Don Juan play. Shock the public and you may be sure of fame, or at any rate of notoriety—perhaps wealth. I am bound to say that in every book I read, whether it is a story or not, I always look for what I call the interlinear phi-

losophy. Every book which is worth reading contains more or less of the philosophy of the author. The story or narrative is after all not so important. Our newspapers contain plots enough of ladies who disappear or who are found. No one ever thinks that perhaps those who disappear do not wish to be found. Any one should be allowed to disappear if one wishes without fuss. But this is a digression. I was going to say that the brilliant mind reveals itself in a crystallized form. Its concentration is never labored. It scintillates. Genius we are often told consists in taking pains, but this is not so. Genius never will take pains. What it cannot do straight away off its own bat it uses an hireling to do for it. I propose to let you know in various ways later on how Mr. Shaw scintillates. The volume "Man and Superman" is then the outcome of Mr. Walkley's suggestion. It is a play about Don Juan. Mr. Shaw writes proudly of himself in the early pages, that he has "the temperament of a schoolmaster, and the pursuits of a vestryman." What business has a schoolmaster or a vestryman with Don Juan? We will accept everything from Mr. Shaw if he will cease to assert his pedagogy and his bumbledom so much. The play "Man and Superman" stands in the volume sandwiched between much else. First in the volume comes the very lengthy "Epistle Dedicatory."

Next comes the play, with its revolutionary moral deeply set, evidently with much trepidation in its innermost pages. Then follows "The Revolutionist's Handbook," a highly inflammatory document which in other days might have been burned at Tower Hill. Throughout the whole volume there is an abundance of wit and levity. What Mr. Shaw calls play-writing is in reality playfulness. Here, indeed, is a volume

which it were folly to read for its story alone. The book is full of that stuff which lies somewhere in the region of nonsense as a fine art. Mr. Shaw alludes to that literary knack of his which happens to amuse the British public, but which he says he laments detracts from his character, which is "solid as bricks." He says he has a conscience, but those who read the play "Man and Superman," with its amoistic sentiments, will be much disposed to doubt it. Indeed, it is a question whether the journals which have hitherto heralded Mr. Shaw's work as "another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer" will venture to give him space even in their advertising columns. Mr. Shaw refrains from discussing his conscience lest he be compared with a woman who discusses her modesty. But he assures us that his conscience is the genuine pulpit article, and that it is bound to bring conviction of sin. Mr. Shaw has so many grievances against one and another that one wonders that he does not stump the country. A play which is only performed in private can hardly be a suitable means of abusing those "well-groomed monocular Algies and Bobbies," and those plutocratic products of "the nail and sarspan business as he got his money by." Mr. Shaw thinks that civilized society is one huge *bourgeoisie* and he sighs that we have "arrived at a time when no nobleman dares shock his green grocer." There is really no necessity for noblemen to go into the business of shocking green-grocers as long as Mr. Shaw (as advised by Mr. Walkley) can find a publisher.

Mr. Shaw has also a great grievance against the Marriage laws, and yet we believe he has a comfortable home, where the work is put out. The chief grievance he has is against woman, and that she is much too anxious to get married. "The whole world," he says, "is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. Give women the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors." What Mr. Shaw has no grievance against is what in the play

is called "Life Force." An exact definition of this is not given, but it would appear that one Wagner once drifted into life-force worship, and invented a "superman" called Siegfried. In the play the young American, Hector Malone, is certainly amusing. He cannot be made to understand that in England he must not relate anecdotes unless they are strictly personal and scandalous. He finds English pronunciation fails lamentably in tackling the word "girl." He himself persists in adding to the end of his sentences such words as "Pardn (sic) mee for saying so." Hector's culture is nothing but a state of saturation with our literary exports of thirty years ago. When he finds people chattering harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

There need never be any apology for speaking of books of memoirs. It is the desire of every one to discover memoirs which have not hitherto been read. It matters not in the case of memoirs whether they are new or old, as long as they have not hitherto been read and that they be worth reading. As Pepys was the chronicler of the seventeenth century, and as Greville chronicled the nineteenth century, so Walpole is the diarist of the eighteenth century. Horatio Walpole—he elected to be called Horace because he thought Horatio was "too dramatic"—wrote his most admirable letters to Lady Ossory, a lady divorced from the then Duke of Grafton, and of these a new edition is just issued. In all, Walpole's published letters amount to nearly three thousand, filling so many volumes that up to now many have been frightened from tackling so extensive an epistolary monument. Walpole had many correspondents, chiefly women. He had a fine taste in most things, and one may decorously say that he loved to include everything in his collection, particularly beautiful and clever women. The woman to whom he was most devoted was Lady Ossory, "the most agreeable woman in the world." He said he wished he could address her as "Dearest," but

then there was a Lord Ossory. To read Walpole's letters to Lady Ossory, is to be acquainted with the best that he wrote. His letters are like reading the cream of the scandal and gossip of the eighteenth century. In all that Walpole wrote he kept what was interesting in the foreground. He dealt in playfulness, pungency, and persiflage, but he kept curiously free from the grossness of the time in which he lived. He was a strange mixture of characteristics, French as well as English. He had the refinement of a Frenchman with the knowledge of a studious Englishman. He perhaps jokingly once announced himself the author of "A History of Good Breeding," and no Frenchman could have better written such a work. He was full of mischief, and wrote in *The World* upon "Old Women as Objects of Passion." His tastes were very dilettante and covered a wide range. He thought more of Queen Mary's comb or Wolsey's red hat and their pursuits than he did of his political recreations. No man of the present day is quite his counterpart. A blend of Lord Esher and Mr. Alfred Rothschild might approximate to him in tastes, though certainly diverging much in appearance. Walpole's appearance was just a little odd. He speaks himself of his meagre figure, and his walk was much enfeebled by gout, because—as he said—his father had drunk so copiously of ale. He sat up late, took his *premier déjeuner* at nine, dined at four, and then retired upstairs to his coffee, his

snuff-box, and probably his letter-writing.

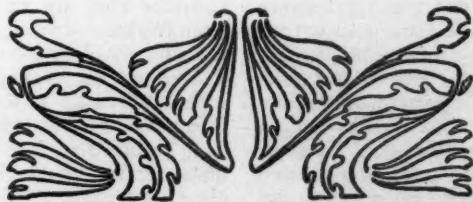
I have talked a lot about books and plays, but I suppose that just now there are but few people to read books or see plays in London. London is deserted, and looks like the representations of the streets in old prints of the town where not a soul is to be seen.

The umbrella business flourishes, and by the sea the only thing to do is to bathe, when a little extra wet does n't matter. While pretending to read a newspaper, I have lately been watching ladies bathing, and I feel some concern as to the lack of elegance in not only their persons but in the costumes of those who bathe. It is absurd to prohibit mixed bathing upon moral grounds. No one wet fell in love with a woman when she was bathing, but many have been disillusioned. Women who have the most perfect taste in Bond Street reveal a sad lack of elegance upon the shore. No woman of refinement would ever wear a hired bathing costume. The most convincing bathing costume should be of a color Turkey red with black spots. Black stockings should always be worn, although the method by which they are to be "suspended" I am unable to detail. Caps need not be worn unless there is a probability of prolonging aquatic gambols. Fat people should not select costumes with a loud horizontal pattern.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, September, 1903.



The Prize Suggestions

THE large number of responses to the Editor's call for ideas made it impossible to read and digest all the answers in time for publication before this number of *THE CRITIC*. We have been more than pleased with the genuine interest taken by our readers in *THE CRITIC*'s request for suggestions. With one or two minor exceptions the writers have given intelligent and painstaking replies.

In answering the questions asked, the majority prefer signed articles. On the subject of serial or no serial there is an equal division of opinion, but those who ask for a serial story wish it to be a story of character, and that is what we are offering in "The Jessica Letters," which seem to the editor to be peculiarly adapted to the tastes of *THE CRITIC* readers. There are more who prefer occasional and special dramatic articles than a regular dramatic department. As to the question, "Would you like *THE CRITIC* to cover a wider field—to touch upon events of the day outside of its present line?" the answer "No" is unanimous, and in this the management of *THE CRITIC* is quite in sympathy with its readers.

To the question "What magazines do you prefer to *THE CRITIC*?" the answer is "None in its line." Some writers even go so far as to say that no magazine in any line do they prefer to *THE CRITIC*.

The Lounger seems to be the favorite department, while Essays follow as a close second.

The first prize is awarded to Thomas Herbert Dickinson, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio (Washington Irving's Works. Knickerbocker Edition. Forty volumes);

The second prize to Reginald V. Harris, Bedford, Halifax Co., Nova Scotia (Theodore Roosevelt's Works. Standard Library Edition. Eight volumes);

The third prize to Lute H. Johnson,

Denver, Col. (Macaulay's History of England. Ten volumes);

The fourth prize to Rachel Frances Sharpless, Ogontz, Pa. (Our European Neighbors Series. Seven volumes);

The fifth prize to B. P. Toles, Buffalo, N. Y. (Books to the value of \$5.00 selected from the Putnam Catalogue);

The sixth prize to J. F. McCabe, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Fifteen volumes of The Ariel Booklet Series, the volumes to be selected by the winner of the prize);

The following are entitled to honorable mention: Charles B. Weekes, London, England; H. Arthur Powell, Stratford, Conn.; J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls, N. H.; W. H. Brainerd, Albany, N. Y.; M. Goddard, New York; and Katharine G. Wadleigh, E. Berkshire, Vt.

Some of the suggestions made have displayed a painful modesty on the part of the writers. Among the most conspicuous examples of this quality is that of a writer whose frankness goes hand in hand with his diffidence. "I think I know more about what ought to be done with the magazine than you do," he writes. He then offers to give his ideas for *THE CRITIC*'s "rehabilitation," but confesses that he should be rather loath to waste his time doing this "unless I thought you would carry them out. It is so hard to make the blind see. If you should happen to think my ideas worth executing you ought to make me associate editor of the magazine—that is, if I would accept it."

Another writer confesses that he likes the prizes that we offer if he does not like *THE CRITIC*. His criticism is a long one, and in concluding it he expresses the hope that he will win a prize, but, if not, that the editor "will properly appreciate the naïveté of this long criticism." He has the editor's assurance that the naïveté as well as the criticism is appreciated.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

All progress, literary or other, seems to be by pendulum-like swings. Only the other day London was enthusiastic over the pale

**A Novel of
Brutal Power.**

poison of Rossetti or the golden dreams of William Morris, and knights in mystic armor strode gloomily across the stage. Then it was bored or cynical. To-day it raves over the brutal power of "Frank Danby's" novel, "Pigs in Clover,"* in which the chief characters are a self-made Jew and a very modern authoress. As Mr. Oppenheim cynically remarks, cynicism is out of fashion; one must now be energetic over something. And so we find coming to us, at present mostly as an echo, a torrent of praise drawn forth by this energetic book, which, whatever its defects, stands easily above the average of contemporary fiction.

"Mr. Danby" has chosen large themes for treatment. Karl Althaus, the Jewish offspring of London gutters, has become the South African magnate, the co-worker of Cecil Rhodes, and one of the empire builders of the Cape. Stephen Hayward is the typical English statesman of high principle and growing popularity and influence. The main theme of the book, however, turns about the frail Joan de Groot, author of "The Kaffir and his Keeper," and the hypocritical Louis Althaus, foster-brother to Karl, both also South African. Between the two springs up an illicit love, which this time does not, as so often in fiction, blow over in psychologic clouds, but ends in physical tragedy. In a subordinate place in the picture stand the erratic loves of Aline Hayward, "barely seventeen, malleable, the daughter of first cousins—a decadent by inheritance." The whole constitutes, so far as the subject is concerned, a distinctly sinister sketch, which is only redeemed to nobility by the gigantic shadowy outlines of Karl Althaus and Hayward looming up in the background.

The treatment of the picture is as masterful as the conception. "Mr. Danby" has the very rare dramatic faculty of blotting out all trace of himself and writing objectively and impersonally. Everything points to the guidance of a stage manager of high talents; but nowhere do we see him *in propria persona*. "There are my figures," he seems to say; "be content with them." The character drawing,

especially of Karl Althaus on the few occasions when he comes into full view, is executed with a sense of restraint and reserve force, but with a vividness which makes him alive to a degree very rare in fiction.

The most characteristic note of the book is its realism. And herein lie its defects. Realistic treatment is bad enough when applied to the details of drunken orgies or the coarsenesses of the proletariat; but realism in the description of illicit love approaches close to the line of bad taste, and is in danger of becoming artistically low. Love, even when it is illicit, may be beautiful. But to make a woman, who is at first drawn in lines so fine as to inspire our admiration, the tool of a moralless schemer, to describe the gradual degradation of all that is best in her life, the loss of chastity, of self-respect, and even of intellectual power, to depict the career of this woman as her character weakens under the strain and she becomes more and more the unresisting creature of passion, and finally to lead her with carefully elaborated details to an end of gloomy, shuddering horror,—this is brutal. The book might almost have been written by Zola.

No mere coarseness can close the door to scientific examination. But here, while the analyses of life are those of the cold-blooded scientist, the execution is that of a master of literary form. And in the combination lies the danger. Is it possible that, as the literature of France passed from the decadent refinements of the symbolists to Zola, so that of England is reacting against the anæmic subtleties of recent years in favor of such splendid but unscrupulous realism as this of "Mr. Danby?" At any rate, it looks so.

JAMES E. ROUTH, Jr.

Mr. Howells's new book, "Questionable Shapes," a collection of stories,* is another of his volumes of dramatized psychology. This time it comes in three parts; and all three are as fascinating, as subtle, as elusive, and as perplexing as ever. Mr. Howells has, as usual, subtletized romance until one wonders if there be anything else in life but pure thought, with perhaps a little gray matter as an unavoidable substratum. He has resolved existence

**Dramatized
Psychology.**

*"Pigs in Clover." By FRANK DANBY. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

*"Questionable Shapes." By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Harpers. \$1.50.

into its smaller psychological details, and has refined those details until we have an essence which is inimitable in its purity, but which often renders us uneasy lest the whole thing evaporate. In the present work Mr. Howells is, as usual, quietly humorous, as when he says: "We had been dining together, and had been served with coffee in the Turkish room, as it was called, from its cushions and hangings of Indian and Egyptian stuffs."

The title of the book is delicately accurate. The phenomenal appearances are certainly questionable, as we are not told whether they are really supernatural or not. Perhaps there is to a highly sensitized psychologist a sort of subliminal self which follows the intricate workings of these very questionable problems and also of the further problem of detecting the faint shades of difference between Mr. Howells's laughter and his seriousness. With an instinctive insight he is always aware of the insoluble tangle in life of the pathetic, the tragic, and the absurd. We wish we could be more sure of distinguishing between them in his novels; but then, perhaps, he would not be so true to reality.

J. E. R., Jr.

All that refinement, artistic *savoir faire*, and the best knowledge of her subject can do

for a little book, was done when Miss Celestine Eustis launched her *Dishes to Set before a King*. "Cooking in Old Creole Days" * upon the world of readers and gastronomes. The lilt of the old-time chansonnets which accompany its pages, taken at first hand from the kitchen deities and street vendors who have made famous certain dainties of New Orleans fabrication, seems to go with the reading of the recipes here brought together. There is a frank cordiality, a personal note of goodwill in the giving of them. The names appended to many revive memories of Southern homes and boundless hospitalities, long gone but not forgotten. They carry in their train visions of the great spaces of dim Southern dining-rooms, made fragrant by wafts of cape jasmine and honeysuckle from without, and within stirred faintly by the sweep of peacock feathers wielded by small, dark creatures mounted upon stools. One sees a vista of shining, snowy damask, garnished with lustrous antique silver and cut glass; at the head of it a tureen,—now a discarded object,—from which, at the lifting of its cover, escape

the luscious odors of a genuine *gombo filé*. Following this unexampled dainty, come in swift succession a series of dishes in which fish, flesh, fowl, and salad are served, in some cases according to recipes that drifted out of Paris when Louis XIV. was King, and are still niched in the daily life of the conservative Creole, who changes not, any more than he welcomes comment upon his *moyen de vivre*.

The old South of the myrtle and the palm, of lavish good eating and romantic tradition, has passed away, but such a volume as this re-creates it quaintly and substantially. And to further adorn the pages, Mr. Harper Pennington has drawn a half-dozen or more pictures, in which the plantation nurse, crooning to the white baby whom she feeds, "for its stomach's sake," with a taste of her own cabbage and bacon, the street gamin with his turkey with wooden legs, and the statuesque figure of the weeping "Savanne," upon which theme Gottschalk wove his celebrated melody—are of distinct charm and value as an illustration of the day and place. Lastly, to give this favored booklet a lift into literature, has not Dr. Weir Mitchell, with grave gallantry, furnished up for its introduction his own old-time souvenirs of a colored nurse, who was also a famous cook of terrapin, together with other bits of wisdom and philosophy concerning the important art Miss Eustis has so gayly and pleasantly set forth?

C. C. H.

Layard's span of life, from 1817 to 1894, was singularly full of adventure and of manifold activities, as traveller, archæologist, politician, diplomatist, student of the fine arts, and author. A dozen years or more ago, in *THE CRITIC*, we reviewed his charming work, "Early Adventure in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia," and the two volumes * now just read, we find no less delightful, for Layard was as skilful with the pen as he was wonderful with the spade. His style is simple but fascinating. He came of Huguenot stock. Varied were the schools and schoolmasters. He tells of his boyhood in France and Italy in a way that shows he was an irrepressible urchin whose spirits no irritated pedagogue could beat out. It was the era when the memories of Waterloo were still very bitter among Frenchmen. Yet this supposedly rebellious and unmanageable pupil got on finely with

* *Cooking in Old Creole Days*. By CELESTINE EUSTIS. R. H. Russell. \$1.50.

* "Sir A. Henry Layard. Autobiography and Letters." Edited by W. N. Bruce. Scribner. 2 vols. \$7.50.

men of the birch who were just and fair. As Layard grew up, he travelled widely in many lands. He made friends with Cavour and Disraeli, and was in the intimate circle of Henry Crabb Robinson. In Constantinople he had remarkable adventures, while learning to know the nature of the Turk and other Orientals. He met Horace Vernet, who, with a "daguerreotype," was taking pictures of scenery and of human specimens for his later paintings, which we all know. In Syria he was entertained by that famous warrior, Suleiman Pasha, who was a Mussulman and the follower of the prophet—so far as divans and many wives and fez cap and picturesque garments and oriental luxury were concerned, but who drank wine, was never seen inside a mosque, and had probably only a bowing acquaintance with the Koran or Mohammedan dogma, but who was a good fighter. A Frenchman by birth, he had been a common sailor, serving also in the Grand Army of Napoleon, and in the field was a skilful tactician. Long before he achieved fame at Nineveh, Layard had visited the place, when the world believed that this most magnificent city of ancient days had perished and left no wreck behind. His longing to dig was gratified many years later. Turkish government was illustrated then, as it often is now, by the local pashas doing pretty much what they pleased, provided they remitted revenue regularly to Constantinople. His description of Bagdad, as it is to-day, is full of vivid detail. Throughout his two volumes he is thoroughly appreciative of the good done by American missionaries, as well as of their rocking-chairs and their pumpkin pies. He gives vivid pictures also of the life of Oriental women, especially of those who at any point touched European society, as, for example, the daughter of Kiamil Bey, who was the first Turkish lady of rank who ventured to brave Mussulman prejudices by wearing European dress and spending some months in Paris,—an example that has been more frequently followed in our time. On one occasion Layard was able, with another friend, to visit the sister of the Sultan in her own luxurious home. Sir Henry revived the mosaic industry in Venice and formed a school of young mosaicists. The final chapters are taken up with an account of his parliamentary career, contributed by Sir Arthur Otway. Layard's final portrait shows a grand old man, of commanding figure and magnificent hair and beard. Maps, indices, portraits, excellent print, and honest

linen stock paper make this a book comely in form as it is rich in substance.

M. E. GRIFFIS.

The title of this story* recalls D'Annunzio's "Trionfo della Morte," of which it is the antithesis in more than the title. In fact, "The Triumph of Life" is not only carefully written and thoughtfully composed, but it also makes for righteousness. Also it is dramatic, not only in the vivid contrast between Marion and Celeste, but in certain scenes. The story is one of a soul's life, and tells how a man drew perilously near damnation through discouragement and loss of faith in his ideals. But life, spiritual life, triumphed in the end,—as often it will triumph, notwithstanding that Signor D'Annunzio thinks otherwise. "The Triumph of Life" is in the best sense a psychological study, as the "Triumph of Death" is an Italian physiological study. When first we met D'Annunzio it was at Arezzo, and we associated in thought "The Ring and the Book," which begins its action at that *indietro* mountain city, with D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," at that time just presented by Signora Duse in the theatres of Italy. Like Zola, D'Annunzio sees death triumph always. This book of Mr. Payson's ought to be an antidote to all that morbid anatomy, as Brown-ing's "Ring and the Book," when read rightly, surely proves. The law of spiritual life is that the good is mightier than the bad, and eventually will neutralize the bad. This is the eternal hope of humanity prophesied in the Vision of the Holy Waters which ran down into the marshes and miry places of the human race, and healed and will, throughout the centuries, continue to heal them. Life triumphs because it is positive, while "evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound." Therefore we rejoice when a book so strong in faith, in ripened reflection, appears. Like Ugo Bassi's "Sermon in the Hospital," such a sane story heartens us and blows a purifying wind through the halls of fancy. Above all, it reminds us what is the true gauge of success, whether literary or commercial. No better sermon than "The Triumph of Life" could be preached from any pulpit. And the text might be taken from the Gospel according to St. Luke, the ninth chapter and the twenty-fourth verse.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

* "The Triumph of Life." By WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON. Harpers. \$1.50.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES-LETTRES

Butler—The Art of Living Long. By William F. Butler. \$1.50.

We do not hear much of Milwaukee in a literary way, but there are signs of a stirring life. A translation of Braune's "Gothic Grammar" and some authoritative treatises on the Gothic Bible have already emanated thence. It is true that the author, Mr. Balg, found the atmosphere uncongenial to scholarship, sold his library, and went to Germany. But then the pioneer must always suffer. Again has Milwaukee risen—partially—above the things of the flesh to publish "The Art of Living Long." The book embodies essays of Addison, Bacon, Temple, and, most important of all, Louis Cornaro, the mediæval Venetian centenarian. It is hard to see the point of reviving these treatises of Cornaro. He was a very tiresome old valetudinarian, who wrote of nothing but his ailments and diets. The work, as a whole, would be better if Cornaro's treatises were omitted; but then there would be no object in publishing it at all.

Coleridge—The Works of Lord Byron: Poetry. Vol. VI. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. John Murray: imported by Scribner. \$2.00.

It was supposed that this exhaustive edition, which has been several times reviewed at length in *THE CRITIC*, would be completed with this volume (622 pages); but another volume is to be added, containing occasional poems, epigrams, etc., a fuller biography than has hitherto been published, and an exhaustive index.

Ewing—Jonathan. By Thomas Ewing, Jr. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.00.

"A Tragedy" is what Mr. Ewing calls his play, yet even in the crowning bloody scene upon Mount Gilboa he fails to impress us.

Greene—Pontius Pilate, Saint Ronan of Brittany, Theophile. Three Plays in Verse. By Henry Copley Greene, Scott-Thaw. \$1.50.

Mr. Greene is to be commended for his efforts in the line of the Miracle Play. It cannot be said that he is especially successful, but his book is a movement in the right direction. The rhymed verse, in which the plays are written, is of unequal quality, and contains little in the way of figure or phrase that appeals to one strongly, but it is varied and flowing and rarely seems forced. It is perhaps fortunate that Satan is introduced into but one play, for his remarks hardly tend to dignify the scene in which he figures. Possibly, however, we have not caught the spirit of the text, and

Satan's speeches are intended to be jocular. We are at a loss to characterize a devil who says:

Hi hi! Ha ha ha! Hi hi! Ha ha!

Sully—An Essay on Laughter: Its Forms, Its Causes, Its Development, and Its Value. By James Sully. Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00.

At times the reader of this book feels that the theme is fortunate in its presenter. There is occasionally a light, playful, almost frolicsome spirit. But it is intermittent, and lightens the discussion only to be superseded by a grave, scientific attitude. Prosy reasoning effectually dissipates every genial ray, and the relentless analysis goes drearily on. Whether it proves excessively grave, however, depends largely upon the mood of the reader. Alarm or merriment may be excited early in the game, when a psychological question arises over the statement of a German writer that "a man topped by a child's small cap, and a child covered with a man's big hat, are equally comical." For several pages there is a rigorous examination of the "hat-comedy"—not, after all, as bad as Schopenhauer's hilarious excitement over the subtly comic suggestions of an angle formed by a tangent with the curve of a circle. There is sometimes a certain grace of expression, the sure phrase of the practised writer; and as a bit of scientific inquiry, like its author's other capital publications, the work has merit. He is grimly unaware, however, that to many his persistent gravity on the philosophy of the ludicrous will itself afford a comic situation of delicious relish.

Woods—The Princess of Hanover. By Margaret L. Woods. Holt & Co. \$1.50.

A drama that Thomas Hardy calls the book that he has "read with most interest and pleasure in the year," and that has been received with much favor by many of the best critics abroad. We believe that lovers of genuine poetry on this side of the ocean will be inclined to endorse these foreign verdicts. The author prefaces it with some interesting remarks on English verse.

BIOGRAPHY

Gould—Biographic Clinics: The Origin of the Ill-Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. By George M. Gould, M.D. Blakiston's Son & Co. \$1.00.

A novelty in the biographical line; particularly interesting to medical men, but more so to the general reader than might be expected. The author, whose specialty is ophthalmology,

believes that all these eminent men suffered from eye-strain, astigmatism, or other affections of the eyes. His analysis of the cases is thorough, and to a lay mind seems to be correct; but whether the doctors will accept it as conclusive remains to be seen. Some practical chapters on the physiology of vision are appended.

Lang—Prince Charles Edward Stuart. By Andrew Lang. Longmans. \$2.25.

This biography by the versatile English author appeared originally in Goupil's artistic series. It is a detailed study of a subject of but slight importance in British history, but one of great interest to a romanticist and a scotsman like Lang. It is based to a large extent on the unpublished Stuart papers at Windsor Castle, and is authoritative. A calendar of these documents is now in course of publication. The book is, however, not easy reading; it is too detailed, and too *documenté*, as the French would say. Hence it will not appeal to the general reader. The serious student of history, on the other hand, will not welcome it eagerly, as the subject is more antiquarian than historical in its nature.

Lawrence—Roger Wolcott. By Wm. Lawrence, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00 net.

Few Bostonians have been so widely beloved both in private and in public life as Governor Wolcott, and no man was better fitted to write his biography than his life-long friend, Bishop Lawrence. It is a worthy tribute to the man, the citizen, the patriot, and the public servant.

Wolley—A Two Years' Journal in New York. By Charles Wolley. The Burrows Bros. \$2.00.

A curious leaf out of the past, of no little interest to the student of the history of Manhattan island, is this tall, thin reproduction of a narrative commemorative of a residence in New York from August, 1678, until some time in 1680. Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne, of the Department of History in Yale University, has furnished the reprint, which is from the original edition of 1701, with notes and an introduction.

FICTION

Altsheler—Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheler. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Another Civil War story, picturing Richmond just before its surrender, and suggesting, rather than picturing the figures of Jefferson Davis, Lee, Grant, and others. It is a pity that the author did not have the courage to make his heroine a real spy; his readers will feel cheated when they discover she is only suspected of being one. Mr. Altsheler's chief power is in description; for, on the whole, his plot is impossible and his narrative tedious.

Bagot—Donna Diana. By Richard Bagot. Longman & Co. \$1.50.

For some years past, the questions presented by the Roman Catholic Church have been in-

creasingly popular subjects for treatment in novels; and Mr. Bagot has of late displayed a striking fertility in the production of such books. He is understood to be himself a Catholic, of an extremely critical and English sort, which occasionally attracts attention by the originality of its independence. In a letter to the newspapers he has indignantly repudiated the accusation of having depicted in this book his friends under thin disguises; but there are other more serious faults of taste against which it would be difficult for him to make any defence. The common sense of decent people has formulated itself in a tolerably well-known proverb about the bird that fouls its own nest; and the picture of Roman-ecclesiastical society which Mr. Bagot gives, while it may coincide admirably with the notions of some prejudiced people, will be still more apt to recall this proverb to the minds of the judicious. The book, however, is decidedly readable by those who do not let such matters trouble them, and shows a distinct advance over "A Roman Mystery," for example, in the matter of plot, incident, and dialogue.

Barbour—The Land of Joy. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Barbour's novel, "The Land of Joy," which originally appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is easily one of the best novels of the year. Unlike most "best books of the day," it is not sensational. Quite the reverse. It is steeped throughout in the conservative traditions of New England, and is instinct with sensitive refinement. There is more in the idealist philosophy than most of us like to admit. Things are to us what we see in them. In life Mr. Barbour sees only the courtly and the beautiful; and the result in his work is the purest essence of that sweetness and light which Matthew Arnold preached. This is the chief charm of the book; but it is not the only one. The workmanship is of that fine sort that has been so carefully executed that it shows no traces of itself, while the dialogue is clever, and even scintillating. The scenes are confined to the two oldest of the American civilizations, the New England and the Virginian. Each is painted with a fidelity and realism which bring before us in soft but sure lines and in delicate but true colors the beauty and inspiration that these civilizations always possess for those who knew them well.

Bell—Wee Macgregor. By J. J. Bell. Harper. \$1.00.

Rarely does a popular success so well deserve popularity as does this delicious picture of a modest Glasgow family, imperially ruled by its "wee Macgregor." Even the thorny Glasgow dialect is but a trivial obstacle when it comes to a question of making the acquaintance of the incomparable Macgregor. Mr. Bell has insight and he has pure humor, of a quality not unlike that of Mr. Barrie. His work is thoroughly spontaneous and unforced. Everybody who reads with due appreciative unction the narrative wherein the Robinson family sits for its photograph, must lament the

thinness of this very little volume. Macgregor deserves an ampler biography.

Boone and Brown—The Redfields Succession. By Henry B. Boone and Kenneth Brown. Harper. \$1.50.

The authors of "Eastover Court House" have written another story of Eastover County, Virginia. This time the plot—and there is quite a bit of a plot—centres in the estate of Redfields and the question of its ownership. It is rather an old-fashioned type of novel, and the love-story has the effect of having been introduced from a sense of duty. On the other hand, these parts of the story that relate to Virginia country life and Virginia character are done with enthusiasm and with an obvious faithfulness, and there are passages of freshness and sincerity that partly atone for the hardly more than mediocre workmanship.

Brady—The Southerners. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Scribner. \$1.50.
—**The Bishop.** Harper. \$1.50.

The first of these novels is a somewhat unreal and exaggerated love-romance of the Civil War. Why is it that most plays and novels dealing with the Civil War invariably set up false sentiment and impossible situations? Does it come from the author's attempt to please both North and South? At all events, the least said about the Rev. Mr. Brady's "Southerners" the better. Let silence be a mantle of charity.

Mr. Brady's "Bishop" would be an excellent character did Mr. Brady give him a chance to live. The truth is that he appears as a sort of clerical Mrs. Harris, who serves to string together as chapters a number of short stories having no other connection. These stories, as you would expect, are poor and good, sad and bad, funny and pathetic; therefore, upon the whole, may be honestly pronounced entertaining.

Caster—Pearl Island. By Andrew Caster. Harper. \$1.25.

This modern "Robinson Crusoe" ought to have something of a vogue among adventure-loving boyhood. There are two Crusoes in the story,—New York boys of forty years ago, who, being shipwrecked, found refuge on "Pearl Island" in the Indian ocean, where they survived, with surpassing equanimity, the varied experiences that make up this lively narrative. In comparison with Harry and Frank, Crusoe had but a dull time of it. The illustrations are in a new manner for Mrs. Shinn, but they are good.

Charles—The Siege of Youth. By Francis Charles. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

It may be childish, but we confess that we like to be able to follow the mental processes of the hero of a story; we like to feel that he had a reason for marrying the woman of his choice; a story is more interesting for a certain logic of action on the part of the characters. Take "The Siege of Youth," for instance. Why does any one marry any one else? Why should Julian marry Antonia? Why should n't

Jameson marry Ludwiga chapters and chapters before he does? We do not know; the author is quite inscrutable. Maybe he does not know himself.

It is a curious book, this "Siege of Youth,"—good ideas hurtle through it, jostling with each other, telescoping each other. Clever phrases fight with stupid ones, and all is confusion. Sound common sense wrestles with sentimentality.

Cheney—Mistress Alice Jocelyn: Her Letters. By C. Emma Cheney. Blue Sky Press. \$1.00.

A booklet of letters, supposed to "set forth an English Mayde's voyage to the Province of Maine and what did befall her thereafter"; but the damsel of 1642, though not unattractive in her way, curiously lapses now and then into modes of speech unknown until two centuries later.

Dahn—Felicitas. A Romance. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. McClurg. \$1.50.

A lively story of the age of the irruption of the Northern hordes upon the dying Roman Empire is not to be despised. Dahn, like his master, combines the vigor of a romancer with the erudition of an archaeologist. In short, Dahn is an Alma-Tadema of fiction. So this story of war and love possesses enough of the elements of a good story to commend it to almost any one.

Friedman—The Autobiography of a Beggar. By K. Friedman. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

A genuine and unaffected novelty is Mr. Friedman's book, "The Autobiography of a Beggar." The novelty lies in the subject matter. We are accustomed to the public's view of the beggar, but the beggar's view of the public, including ourselves, is an agreeable change.

Flynt—The Rise of Ruderick Clowd. By Joseph Flynt. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The latest fruit of Mr. Flynt's criminological research is a story written in the form of fiction though admittedly based on fact. It is the biography of a burglar,—a sinister because a plausible book, and one that it would be difficult to read with indifference. And this not so much, of course, from the book's artistic merit as for its value in explaining, perhaps more impressively than Mr. Flynt has yet done, the forming of the habit of crime,—the making of a criminal. The "rise" of the unfortunate Ruderick is infinitely suggestive and instructive; among other things, it suggests the futility of prisons and "reform" schools, and the overwhelming influence of accidental environment rather than of inherited characteristics, mental or physical, in determining criminal careers.

Gwynne—The Pagan at the Shrine. By Paul Gwynne. Macmillan. \$1.50.

It is as a piece of artistic work that this book strikes the reader first. In exquisite colors it sets forth life in a little city of Andalusia.

There is a passionate undercurrent flowing through this sunny landscape. A great sin is done, and thence result wrong and wretchedness, even tragedy. Padre Ignacio, Rector of the Jesuits, is a very human character, while Padre Martinez is more the typical Jesuit, who holds that the good of the order justifies any policy. There is something in the touch of Mr. Gwynne, in his breadth of sympathy with variant social sentiments and creedal opinions, which reminds one of the catholicity of Mr. Maurice Hewlett. Perhaps Mr. Gwynne is more frank in handling the elemental forces and factors of human character, and his literary form is not so enriched with delicate preciosities. Nevertheless, "The Pagan at the Shrine" will bear reading twice, and then it will bear reflection.

Kempton-Wace—The Kempton-Wace Letters. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

These letters embody the supposititious correspondence of a poet and a scientist. The letters of both are in a somewhat high-flown and impossible manner. Although the subjects treated, love and marriage, are scarcely new, the letters contain some keen speculation, and some which is interesting.

Lewis—The Black Lion Inn. By Alfred Henry Lewis. Russell. \$1.50.

This volume is a collection of short tales held together by loose artistic mechanism. The Jolly Doctor, the Red-Nosed Gentleman, The Sour Gentleman, and others tell the stories over their Burgundy at the inn, sometimes in dialect, but always racily and pointedly. The stories themselves are of the anecdote rather than of the novelette type. They range over every section of the country. Those of the American Indians have just a little of that unnatural flavor of the white man playing Indian, the false flavor of which our great Americanist, Brinton, and later, Lumholtz, have complained. Otherwise the stories are graphic and always original in diction.

Mackie—The Voice in the Desert. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Not only the artistic conception of Mrs. Hopkins's book, but the finished simplicity of its execution, are a rebuke to the slipshod methods of nine-tenths of contemporary novelists. With remarkable skill she has carried out her idea of presenting a differing group of characters and tracing the effect upon each of life in the tropical desert. Even if it be admitted that Yucca Armes, the desert woman, is perhaps not so much a character as a symbol, the others are compensatingly real, and the delicacy and discernment with which the two children are pictured are most unusual. The book avoids "descriptive passages," yet contains poetry and true feeling.

Norris—Lord Leonard the Luckless. By W. E. Norris. Holt. \$1.50.

A psychological novel may be an achievement of high art,—not so this chronicle of Lord Leonard. His native hue of resolution is more

than sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. It is obliterated. No Lord Leonard could have been, for the contradictions of his character are incompatible. How could a creature be at once so strong in public, and so weak in private life? How at one and the same time so impulsive and so calculating? Through this maze of incompatibilities the story drags slowly its wearisome length, till at the end you have arrived nowhere. Mr. Norris seems to have caught George Meredith's manner at the wrong end. That is the true lucklessness of it all.

Page—Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page. Scribner. \$1.50.

"Gordon Keith" is more pretentious than most of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's novels. The hero is a Southerner, but at the same time a successful Wall Street financier, a leading figure in the society of the metropolis, a daring engineer, and a rather shrewd business man. The novel is long and complicated, but is masterfully handled and never dull. It is, however, a bit over-conventional: the characters unexpectedly encounter each other in an astonishing manner and with an impossible frequency. Moreover, the good men are not only gentlemen, which is perfectly right, and saints, which is pardonable, but they are also somewhat of prigs; while the villains are unmitigatedly bad and end in a tragic manner which would do justice to melodrama. "Gordon Keith" we may admire in a one-sided way, but never will he impress us as much as a good, healthy paradox like The Disagreeable Man, Lucien de Rubempré, or John Oakhurst, those inscrutable mixtures of good and evil who are always unexpected, and so always attractive. In spite of these traits, however, the book is powerful in its own way. It also embodies a feature which is somewhat new to the author, a sort of delicate humorous sarcasm, which is refreshing.

Pemberton—The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Pemberton's "The Gold Wolf" begins where most novels end. The hero is a middle-aged man who starts out with the supposed murder of his wife and a notice from his doctor to the effect that in six months he will be insane. He ends in apparently good health and in the full possession of the love of a girl infinitely superior to his unattractive spouse. Thus Mr. Pemberton ignores the usual conventions of fiction, starts at the wrong end, ignores all the rules according to which a plot dramatic or melodramatic should develop, and produces a novel of rare and unusually pleasing form. It is a topsy-turvy work, and stands upon its head with all the grace of a professional acrobat.

Sinclair—Prince Hagen. By Upton Sinclair. Page & Co. \$1.50.

We confess to having opened Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, "Prince Hagen," with prejudice. The author's public letters concerning the notorious "Journal of Arthur Stirling" have been—well, not reassuring. We also confess,

however, that as we read, this feeling gave way first to complaisance, and then to approval. Mr. Sinclair's style is good. At times it is lacking in delicacy, like over-seasoned punch, but these times are not frequent.

Stephens—The Mystery of Murray Davenport. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is a novel that the average reader will describe as "queer." The greatest mystery about the matter is how the author contrived so remarkable a plot. In spite of it, however, the book is interesting and well written.

Ward—The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Lane. \$1.50.

It is a very worldly society to which Mrs. Ward has introduced us, and of this she has shown the least prepossessing side. It is evident that she has absorbed her impressions sensitively and recorded them faithfully; but, lacking a sense of humor and a sense of beauty, it unfortunately follows that even the most able passages of her book are greatly dispiriting. With all the care and skill expended upon it, "The Light Behind" is anything but an inevitable book. It need not have been written, and too many of its kind are already in print.

Wasson—Cap'n Simeon's Store. By George S. Wasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The yarns with which Mr. Wasson's Maine skippers entertain each other during the evenings in "Cap'n Simeon's Store" are the result of no random, snap-shot method of observation on the part of the author. They show, on the contrary, an amazing mastery, not alone of dialect, but of the traditions and habits of thought of these ingenious, yet shrewd fishermen. No other attempt that has been made to catch the salty peculiarities of New England seafarers has been at the same time so true and so gently humorous. It might be difficult to believe, if Mr. Wasson had not reported their conversations with such delicately precise veracity, that these folk still believe in witches, though rejecting the popularly accepted theory that the earth is round. It should be understood, however, that the book is a series of sketches, not a continuous narrative. Its author is an extraordinarily sympathetic observer, rather than a creative artist. He does not even attempt the short-story form.

Wyatt—True Love. By Edith Wyatt. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Miss Edith Wyatt has set herself a difficult task. She has elected herself the prophet of the commonplace. It is hard to make virtue seem alluring in a book (Heaven itself has become a rather discredited resort from the dull descriptions written of it), but to make commonplace people amusing and interesting, and not inept, demands a high degree of skill. Miss Wyatt's last year's book was amusing. She downed the moulder of learned phrases, and in his place exalted the humble-minded; but her stories were, few of them, over two

thousand words. Now she has written a novel on exactly the same lines as her short stories. There is some amusing material in it.

HISTORY

Colden—The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada, which are dependent on the Province of New York and are a Barrier between the English and the French in that Part of the World. By Hon. Cadwallader Colden. 2 vols. New Amsterdam Book Co. \$2.00.

The reprint of a work written in old Colonial times by one who was regarded as "the best-informed man in the New World" on the British-American affairs of the period. It is a valuable contribution to early New York history.

Hamilton—The Writings of James Monroe. Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton. Vol. VI. 1817-1823. Putnams. \$5.00.

It is perhaps not unfitting, even at this late date, to call attention again to the admirable mechanical work bestowed on this collection of the writings of the "Fathers" of which this edition of James Monroe's Works forms part. This volume covers momentous years in the history of our country, for during this time Florida was acquired, a temporary quietus was given to the slavery question by the Missouri Compromise, and the Holy Alliance received its warning in the President's famous message. On all these questions this book throws interesting light. Thanks to Mr. Hamilton's care in printing a mass of contemporary correspondence, we gain much invaluable information about the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine. This, in combination with what Mr. Worthington C. Ford recently published, enables us to understand fully what was originally intended, and how much the Doctrine has expanded the growth and the consequently altered needs of the country.

McCaleb—The Aaron Burr Conspiracy. By Walter F. McCaleb, Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

A very complete history of the conspiracy, including much matter discovered by the author in the national archives of Mexico, not previously published, and entirely unknown to the world. Much else in the book is new and of more than ordinary historical interest.

MISCELLANEOUS

Henshall—Bass, Pike, Perch, and Others. By James A. Henshall, M.D. Macmillan. \$2.00.

A tastefully bound, well-illustrated, and interestingly written book, by the author of "The Book of the Black-Bass," "Ye Gods and Little Fishes," and other books on angling. Specialization is the order of the day, but the delightful faddist who specializes his energies for the pure, unprofitable love of his fad is only too rare. Mr. Henshall's passion is angling.

It is possible that lifelong anglers or biologists may find technical faults in his classifica-

tions or array of facts. For the layman, however, to whom anthing as a pastime has never risen to the height of a fad, the form of presentation is exceptionally attractive.

Kropotkin—Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution.

By P. Kropotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$2.50.

A treatise suggested by a lecture of Professor Kessler of St. Petersburg, on the law of Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution in addition to the law of Mutual Struggle; a law of which our author finds abundant illustration among animals, among savages and barbarians, in the mediæval city and in our modern civilization—matter interesting in itself, even if it does not compel us (as it may) to accept the theory it is written to maintain.

Laughlin—The Principles of Money. By J. Laurence Laughlin. Scribner. \$3.50.

There is no branch of economics that appeals more to the close reasoner and subtle thinker than does the theory of money. While this was the first subject grappled with by the early political economists, there is still a large diversity of opinion among specialists, so much so that there is as yet no generally accepted theory of money. Professor Laughlin, in this volume devoted to the principles of money (five additional volumes on the historical and practical aspects of the subject are to follow it), has attempted with partial success to supply this want. While his work is unquestionably the best in the English language (far superior to that of either Jevons or Walker), it is by no means the final word. Laughlin does not always distinguish between the normal and the accidental, and hence is inconsistent. The monometallist could quote him, and the bimetalist could answer with an excerpt supporting his side of the issue. Nor does he seem to realize the importance of Professor Clark's and Professor Fisher's brilliant contribution showing the influence of an appreciating or depreciating standard of value on the interest rate. The paragraph on clearing-house certificates contains a strange error. So important is the subject, and so little understood is it, not only by the average layman, but even by most successful business men, that the book should be read widely. While not altogether satisfactory, it is the best book an English-reading public has.

Leadbeater—Man Visible and Invisible: Examples of Different Types of Men as Seen by Means of Trained Clairvoyance. By C. W. Leadbeater. Lane. \$2.50.

This is one of those theosophical treatises about which it is difficult to offer a fair estimate. We do not know that there is no "mahaparanirvanic plane" of—may we say—non-existence? We have never seen an astral body emit black clouds when moved by malice, or deep red flashes when angry. At the same time we have not observed it fail to do so. We, therefore, can do no more than let the author go unchallenged and congratulate him on all this mystic knowledge, while we praise his good nature in imparting it to his favored people.

Singer—The Jewish Encyclopedia. Isadore Singer, Editor. Funk & Wagnalls. \$6.00.

The fourth volume of this important and valuable work has appeared and covers the subject from Chazars to Dreyfus. The final article already needs addition and revision, so fast have events moved in France. Among the longer articles the chief are those on "Christianity" and on "Costume." The latter is notable for its many and colored illustrations; the former, written by Rabbi Kauffman Kohler, takes an extreme rationalistic stand, incompatible with orthodox Judaism, but is philosophic and suggestive. Already we have in a former number called the attention of our readers to this learned and useful work.

Stone and Cram—American Animals. By Witmer Stone and William E. Cram. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.00 net.

"A popular guide," as the secondary title tells us, "to the mammals of North America, north of Mexico, with intimate biographies of the more familiar species"; but popular in the best sense, as a scientific treatment of the subject made intelligible to the general reader by its freedom from technicalities that could be translated into simpler language, and also made attractive by the "intimate biographies," as they are most happily called, of the animals familiarly known to people living where they are found. The admirable illustrations, some of which are colored, add much to its interest and value.

Vigilans sed Æquus—German Ambitions, as they affect Britain and the United States of America. By "Vigilans sed Æquus." Putnam. \$1.00.

The title of this little book of about 130 small pages clearly indicates its theme, and its scope is seen from the fact that it is composed, in a revised form, of letters that originally appeared in the London *Spectator*. For the student of international politics the work contains nothing new, though the bibliographies will be of valuable assistance to him. The ordinary layman will, however, find in these pages a concise statement of what the most advanced section of the German "jingo" are aiming at as regards commercial and colonial expansion. He will be able to understand the great interest taken by the Kaiser in naval matters, and will be able to follow many a move in the diplomacy of Europe that has hitherto appeared meaningless to him. He will be able to appreciate how great a change has been wrought in German foreign policy since the unification of the nation in 1870. If every one into whose hands this book came were able to understand in a broad way the general course of international rivalries, this work could only do good. Unfortunately, however, few have the necessary knowledge, and hence it must be evident that writings of this nature, emphasizing the points at which national interests conflict, tend to arouse, the passions, and to make war the short-cut solution of the existing difficulties, when in many cases other means could accomplish the same ends.

POETRY AND VERSE

Blunt—Love Poems. By W. S. Blunt. Lane. 75 cts.

Mr. Lane has recently included in his dainty Lover's Library (edited by Frederic Chapman) the "Love Poems" of W. S. Blunt, "Proteus," and a very welcome addition it will be to all who have any fondness for amatory poetry. W. E. Henley once referred to Mr. Blunt as a poet who had "put more of himself and his sole experience into his verse than any writer of his time," concluding, "whoso touches this book ('The Love Sonnets of Proteus') touches a man."

Carr—Black Hills Ballads. By Robert V. Carr. Reed Publishing Co. \$1.00.

The "people of the Black Hills," to whom this little volume of balladry is dedicated, will, doubtless, find much therein which comes near to their pioneer experience. The Hoosier poet has set the pace for Mr. Carr's muse, and she is at her best in the dialect strain, as in "Fer I'm a Boy," and "You'd Better Keep a-Smilin'." The mediocrity of his muse is discouragingly apparent when, in ordinary diction, she essays the purely sentimental.

Coleman—A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley and Other Poems. By P. J. Coleman. The Messenger Press. \$1.00.

The readers of this collection will find much good rhyming, and considerable poetic feeling in sonnet, lyric, and ballad.

Innsley—Love Songs and Other Poems. By Owen Innsley. Grafton Press. \$1.00.

Miss Jennison's collection is in part a reprint of "Love Poems and Sonnets," published in 1882, and in part new material. The verse of this writer is largely of a meditative type. It is sometimes emotional; it is occasionally elevated; it is always refined and scholarly. About such work there is nothing experimental. One may read with the certainty of being pleased, if not strongly moved. In her handling of the sonnet, Miss Jennison is frequently exceedingly felicitous.

Kitton—The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens. Edited by F. G. Kitton. \$2.00.

The first complete collection of Dickens's verse, with interesting biographical notes. Aside from the pieces in the novels, much of it has not been printed before, at least in book form, and some of it not at all.

Smith—The Soul-at-Arms, etc. By James Robinson Smith. Hazlitt & Seaward. \$1.00.

The belief that "This life is always larger than our view," and that "Heroic are the times in which we dwell," are the two tonic notes sounded in this volume of verse, in which the most frequent form is the sonnet, in spirit and movement often reminding us of the Wordsworthian model. Often terse in utterance, these verses are also commendable for their teaching of courage and trust in the best.

Wilcox—Poems of Power. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Conkey. \$1.50.

We respect Mrs. Wilcox for her golden optimism, for her unfailing expression of the gospel of cheer. Much of her verse betrays hurry of composition, and a lack of judicious pruning, but, on the other hand, some of it is sustained and without flaw. In her most exalted moments, as in "The Undiscovered Country," Mrs. Wilcox shows herself to be a very true poet. "Poems of Power" is printed upon wretched paper, the title-page is an atrocity, and the setting of the table of contents quite enough to give one's artistic sense the palsy.

SHAKESPEARIANA

Acheson—Shakespeare and the Rival Poet. By Arthur Acheson. Lane. \$1.25.

A contribution to the literature of the sonnets, in which the writer adopts the theory that Chapman was the rival poet mentioned therein and attempts to prove that both in the Sonnets and certain plays Shakespeare satirized Chapman, who in some of his poems satirized Shakespeare; but, though we believe that Chapman was the rival poet, we see no reason whatever for supposing that either poet satirized the other. Indeed, there is not a shadow of evidence that Shakespeare ever anywhere satirized anybody. Mr. Acheson also reprints some poems of Chapman that bear upon his theory.

Corbin—A New Portrait of Shakespeare. By John Corbin. Lane. \$1.25.

A plea for the Ely Palace Painting as against that of the so-called "Droeshout Original," now in the Memorial Building at Stratford; an able and interesting presentation of the case, but not conclusive when one cannot compare the paintings themselves, of which, as Mr. Corbin admits, his engravings, aside from the lack of color, give an imperfect idea.

Hart—Othello. Edited by H. C. Hart. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

The sixth and seventh volumes of the excellent edition of Shakespeare, of which Professor Dowden is editor-in-chief, and the plan and execution of which we have more than once commended. The high standard of the series is fully maintained in these new issues. The edition is sure to gain in favor with critical scholars and readers as they get better acquainted with it.

Porter and Clarke—Love's Labour's Lost. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Crowell & Co. 50 cts.

The text of this neat edition of Shakespeare's first comedy is that of the Folio of 1623, to which the usual explanatory and illustrative matter is added. Though not suited to ordinary school use, the book will be very helpful to teachers and private students who may not have access to other and more expensive reproductions of the folio.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

Adler—Life and Destiny; or, Thoughts from the Ethical Lectures of Felix Adler. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

There is sound wisdom in these excerpts, the fruits of experience and intuition. They are worthy of publication. Some of Dr. Adler's observations will doubtless startle the conventional, but ought to do no lasting injury to faith and feelings.

Chapman—Present Day Evangelism. By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Baker Taylor Co. 60 cts.

As years go by the revival systems falls more into desuetude. Truth is, that the psychological condition of the American people alters. Americans to-day are not as excitable as the English of the same classes, or the French and Italians. It was upon this nervous excitability and upon the singular psychological condition of the mob that the revival system and cataclysmic conversions were founded. Still, however, there remains material for Dr. Chapman and his sort to work upon, and we wish them nothing but the best results—till reasonable Christian culture can be availed of.

Cooke—Unitarianism in America. A History of its Origin and Development. By George Willis Cooke. American Unitarian Association. \$2.00.

Unitarianism has been a reaction from the extreme theological spirit. It had its work to do and has done it, nor is it yet a spent force. The humane element of Christian doctrine that was suppressed with Pelagius justly demanded expression, the rational element also called for recognition. These the Unitarians afforded. Mr. Cooke has given a comprehensive account of American Unitarianism and of the noble lives and works that have been identified with it. So well has he done his work that here we are not disposed to call in question some trifling details of statement.

Godbey—The Foundations of Faith. By J. E. Godbey, D.D. Publishing House of the M. E. Church of Nashville, Tenn., and Dallas, Texas. \$1.00.

A modest, sincere, and competent attempt on the part of a perspicuous writer of English to "set forth arguments which justify the Christian faith in his own mind"; written simply, yet free from the phraseology of conventional or denominational piety. As an apologia it is dignified and logical, and ought to serve as a reassuring little handbook for the "doubter."

Jowett—Select Passages from the Theological Writings of Benjamin Jowett, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Frowde. 85 cts.

It was a happy thought to take out the marrow of Professor Jowett's writing and publish it in this little book. First, because Dr. Jowett was an original and stimulating writer who usually got at the root of the matter, and

second, because most of his books are costly and scarce. Added to the extracts are other thoughts, ripe opinions, and judgments not hitherto published.

Macdonald—Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan A. Macdonald. Scribner. \$1.25.

Since we now have Mohammedan subjects, it behooves some of us to inform ourselves about Muslim jurisprudence. Also the student of comparative religions will find this work most interesting and valuable, especially since it furnishes in an orderly and philosophical fashion the history of the origin, cause, and course of the many sects of Islam. Also the author gives a careful account of the present-day beliefs of the Muslim in both law and theology. It is a practical as well as profound book.

McCabe—Church Discipline. An Ethical Study of the Church of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. Duckworth. \$1.50.

The whole Roman Catholic Church lives a life of its own, whose sentiments are not guessed by those who are not its members. Even in this country Roman Catholics never fully enter into American social life. Mr. McCabe, who is one of those who have left the Roman Church, writes this book to enlighten us as to its spirit. Perhaps he is a trifle harsh in the picture which he gives. He thinks he is entirely just. It seems like a revealing of family secrets. He could hardly have dealt a deadlier blow to his former church than to show up, as he has, the actual Roman Catholic religious life.

Roberts—Divinity and Man. By W. K. Roberts. Putnam. \$1.50.

So far as we can understand the author's purpose is to break down the middle wall of partition between God and Man, between the supernatural and the natural. His purpose is good, but he is prolix. Others have tried the same task. To all we wish success. Could any one show that the teachings of Jesus are monistic he would deserve much of his fellowmen, both now and in the coming years. Mr. Roberts's mistake is to glide into allegory, and then to fall into poetry which we fear few will read.

Schopenhauer—The Basis of Morality. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Broderick Bullock. Macmillan. \$1.25.

The Royal Danish Society, in 1837, offered a prize for the best essay on the "Foundations of Morality," and Schopenhauer wrote this. To him the prize was not awarded. Schopenhauer's theory is founded on egotism, which was the mainspring of his life. All morality he bases on this, but sometimes by the exercise of much ingenuity. That theory of life has been sufficiently exposed and its falsity revealed.

(For list of books Received see third page following.)

